

Week ending August 30 1958

Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

BEGINS INSIDE: New exploits of Britain's favourite sailor—and his wife!

HORNBLOWER'S HURRICANE

by C. S. FORESTER

I found the most-feared cannibals in the world

TOUGHEST JOB IN FOOTBALL

by EDDIE LEVER

LOVE YOUR
NEIGHBOUR

by Marguerite Murray

DOUBLE
STAKES

by Breton Amis



British Achievements

Speak for BRITAIN



Parliaments

The Parliamentary system of Government is of purely British origin, and has been the model for government in all parts of the world.



Electricity

Electricity as we know it derives from the experiments of British scientist Michael Faraday. Today Britain has the world's most closely integrated electricity supply network: one atomic power station already in service, and eleven more under way.



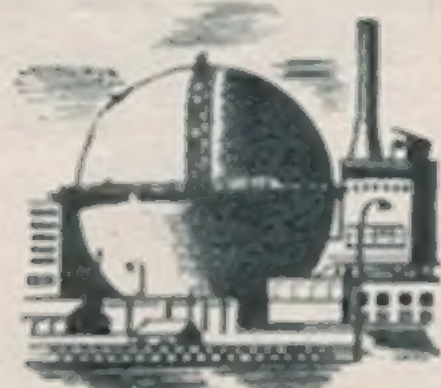
Radar

First made operationally effective in Britain and developed into a war-winning defence weapon by British electronic engineers. At Jodrell Bank, Britain has built—and operates—the world's most powerful radar telescope.



Television

The first public Television service in the world opened in Britain in 1932, based on British inventions and development.



Nuclear Energy

The first artificially-induced nuclear reaction took place at Cambridge, England, in 1936. British development of nuclear energy for industry has been the first to bear fruit in the world's first atomic power stations.



Jet Power

*British jet engines are the most powerful in the world:
British jet engines are the basis of the Western air forces:
British propeller-turbine aircraft are winning world markets.*



Operation Britain

This organisation aims to tell the real story of Britain's achievements, to claim for the British people and for British industry the credit that is theirs: and by doing so to reinforce Britain's prestige throughout the world to the benefit of our trade and our standard of living.

The Operation Britain campaigns are appearing in the press: as posters: in the form of articles and an information service to home and foreign press and broadcasting units: and

are supported by the quarterly publication 'Speaking for Britain'—which goes to all parts of the world.

Operation Britain is a non-profit making non-political organisation. To carry out its nationally important work a steady income is needed, and firms are encouraged to join in the task by becoming Corporate members at the annual subscription of ten guineas: individuals may become members for the sum of two guineas.

Please send me full details of membership

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POST TO:
THE OPERATION BRITAIN ORGANISATION
165 Fleet Street London EC4 (FLE 5011)

This is an Operation Britain Announcement

FREE SPEECH

In The End It Pays To Be A Dunce

I wish I'd been a dunce at school. My brother was, and now he's got the laugh over me. At school, whenever any "lines" were flying about he got them; whenever anyone had to stay in late it was he. But now we're grown up and married it is I who has to "stay in"—at night school, learning woodwork, elementary electricity and all the things you need to know to run a home.

All because I was "clever" at school, and in the "A" stream which took Latin, German and music, subjects that haven't helped me to get a better job. The despised "B" streamers were only good enough for handiwork and physics.

Grammar schools pride themselves on training all-round citizens. I'd say the technical schools were doing a better job.

A. MACKAY, BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

★ ★ ★

Going, Going...

I was amazed to read that an American broadcasting station could buy a Scottish island—and then offer it as a prize in a TV quiz show.

It seems odd that our laws allow such transactions. One of these days we may find that the Isle of Man has been sold to a Coney Island funfair syndicate; or that the Isle of Wight has been bought by the Russians as a rocket base.



SYDNEY E. BARNETT, GRANGE ROAD, ALLOA.

"There's no reason, in theory, why the Russians shouldn't buy one of the British isles," says a lawyer. "But I doubt if they'd get planning permission for a rocket base."

★ ★ ★

Bed Room

We often hear that people have had to wait months for a hospital bed, yet at the infirmary where I work part-time some wards are half empty. I'm told that people won't take beds when they're offered them in summer. This seems ridiculous, but whatever the explanation there are vacancies.

MRS. M. K., LONDON.

"Demand for medical beds does drop in summer," says a hospital official. "But it's because there's no flu or smog about. We get a chance to close wards for cleaning and fit in holidays. But at Christmas there's a rush for beds; patients know that we give them a good time."

★ ★ ★

One Out Of Nine?

Another unfair aspect of the G.C.E. exam ("Free Speech," July 12) is that it isn't the same for everybody. Different university boards set different papers, and presumably standards vary. Couldn't this make the difference between a "pass" and a "fail"? I'm sure it would be better to have a single examining board.

M. G. M., WHITTINGTON, LICHFIELD, STAFFS.

"The last thing we want is a giant exam factory," says an educationist. "The nine examining bodies keep G.C.E. human, and cater for regional interests. To keep standards equal, specimen borderline-mark papers are discussed at joint meetings."

★ ★ ★

Whose Highway?

Of course motorists should have a square deal (JOHN BULL, August 2). But the motorist's worst enemy is—himself.

Any stationary vehicle left on the public highway is, in

Continued on page 4

LIBBY'S MILK

delightful

with Apricots



So rich - it whips!



Before you serve Apricots or other kinds of fruit, add whipped Libby's. A big helping costs less than a penny.

FREE 2 New Evaporated Milk recipe leaflets. Write to Dept. C, address below.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, LIMITED, FORUM HOUSE, 15 & 16 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.

FREE SPEECH

continued from page 3

law and in fact, a potential obstruction; and the most frequent obstacle to the moving driver is the parked car.

Restrictions to parking are made almost wholly in the interests of other drivers, who quite properly protest if their passage is impeded.

As for radar and other speed traps: an infallible method of defying them is—keep within the speed limit.

JAMES KER COWAN, BUSHEY HEATH, HERTS.

... The roads are the heritage of the people—all the people. And the money paid by motorists in tax and licences gives them no priority at all.

Motorists can largely blame themselves for any antagonism there is towards them. Far too many of them show no consideration for others, parking bumper to bumper so that it is nearly impossible for pedestrians to cross the road or board a bus.

J. MACFARLANE, FIRPARK TERRACE, GLASGOW, E.1.

Dig This

"Welfare State" dogs may not be burying as many bones these days, says an animal pathologist ("Free Speech," August 2). But my tiny Pomeranian buries *all* his treasures, and has done since he was a puppy.

Bones, biscuits, toys, scraps thrown to the birds, even bars of chocolate—they're all hidden in holes. And he never forgets where he has left them.

MRS. JOY WILLIAMS, BROOKLANDS PARADE, WOLVERHAMPTON.

... Our dogs have always buried bones—except for our fox terrier. She buried them only if she wasn't hungry. Yorkshire pudding, however, was *always* buried—but we never saw any dug up again.

MRS. D. M. SLY, HAZEL CLOSE, TWICKENHAM.

Their Worships

A justices' clerk often "knows that inexperienced magistrates would take all day over each case unless he jogged things along," says a lawyer ("Free Speech," August 9).

Then why have inexperienced magistrates? Why not have a stipendiary in every magistrates' court, a man who knows his law without consulting a clerk? There is more unemployment

in the legal profession than any other; scores of barristers would welcome such jobs.

Most local magistrates are busybodies with too much time on their hands—and no idea of an adequate sentence for any given crime. They are on the bench because they love to sit in judgment and exercise power. Away with them, I say.

OLIVER MARLOW, CROFTON ROAD, ORPINGTON, KENT.

Making Money

Reader John Gold says collectors of tinfoil have a distorted idea of its value compared with the cost of postage ("Free Speech," August 9). In fact, he "distorts" the position even more.

I send my metal foil and milk tops to a merchant, not direct to a charity, and he pays the carriage costs.

Then I send a cheque to the charity. The thrifty people who pass the foil on to me aren't in a position to send donations; this way we get "something from nothing."

MAURICE FRANKLIN, CLAPHAM TERRACE, LEAMINGTON SPA.

Egg Scramble

What makes hens so silly about using their nesting boxes? We provide ours with a box each, but they all crowd on one and break the eggs.

But one day my husband beat them. I found



him standing determinedly outside the hut with a queue of hens in front of him. "I'm only allowing them in one at a time," he explained.

The next day, however, they were back to the old habit. Surely there must be some reason for this gregarious behaviour.

MRS. G. M. BARRETT, CHATTERIS, CAMBS.

"Seeing an egg—pot or real—gives the hen the idea to lay one there itself," says a poultry expert. "You can stop the eggs getting broken

THIS WEEK'S COVER



THESE horticultural humans have only themselves to blame. What's the good of a garden that's big enough to swing a cat if it isn't fit for a dog to caper in? Even a well-meant attempt to help with the weeding meets with misunderstandings that can only give a dog a bad name. "But there are two candidates for the dog-house here," says cover artist Petts. "And the one nursing his guilty conscience on the path is the real culprit. If only he had shut the gate, everything in the garden would still be lovely."

by rolling them away down a slope, but hens will still form preferences for certain secluded nests—just as a man has his favourite armchair."

Clang!

Plastic "silent" dustbins are made ("Free Speech," August 9). They are of polythene, and can be used for anything except hot ashes.

T. LEWINGTON, ARLINGTON ROAD, WEST EALING, LONDON.

A polythene dustbin was put on the market this year. It costs £3 3s.

... To "silence" a metal dustbin, fix a length of old bicycle inner tubing round the rim of the bin.

MRS. M. SOWERSBY, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

... No need for a plastic bin. It would be enough if some firm would make plastic dustbin lids.

H. RICHMOND, WOKING, SURREY

Bird Watchers

On holiday in the country I saw an unforgettable sight: two stoats dancing and twisting in the sun, while nearby two rabbits stood mesmerized. Above, just like a circus audience, all kinds of birds were perched.

It seemed from the birds' actions that they were trying to warn the rabbits of their danger. So why is it, if birds have that much sense, they fall such easy prey to cats?

JAMES GILLOM, STIRLINGSHIRE.

"Birds are fascinated by horror scenes—just as human beings are," says an ornithologist. "They flock to watch if they hear a rabbit's squeak of fear. Bird watchers imitate the noise to attract birds."

"The birds' cries aren't to warn the rabbits, however; they're frightened for themselves. But birds, though mesmerized in a similar way by cats, aren't easy prey. Usually only young, inexperienced birds are caught."

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

CONTENTS

JOHN BULL, 189 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 AUGUST 30 1958 VOLUME 104 NUMBER 2722

Stories

DOUBLE STAKES by Breton Amis 12
LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR by Marguerite Murray 16

Articles

DOES WORK MAKE YOU SICK? by Roy Hill 10
THE FAIRIES WHO STARTED A STRIKE by Rex Grizell 10
HOW WE DISCOVERED AUSTRALIA by Dick Snell 15
I'M GLAD I LOST FOOTBALL'S TOUGHEST JOB by Eddie Lever 21

IS BALLET LEADING YOUR DAUGHTER A DANCE? by Graham Fisher 23

Serials

HORNBLOWER'S HURRICANE (PART 1) by C. S. Forester 5
SHIRIANA (PART 1) by Count Enrico Bentivoglio-Middleton 25

Features

GYMKHANA DAY: 14. • BORROWING: 18, 24, 28.
• JOKES: 19, 22, 29, 30. • IN SHORT: 20.

© Odhams Press Ltd., 1958

HORNBLOWER'S HURRICANE

by C. S. FORESTER

*Lady Barbara was back at his side—and
her well-meant intrigue could ruin
him.... Beginning a thrilling new sea story*



LORD HORNBLOWER came walking into his office at Admiralty House at half past five o'clock in the morning exactly. Gerard and Spendlove, his flag-lieutenant and secretary, pulled themselves erect and said: "Good morning, My Lord."

"Morning," said Hornblower. He had not had his breakfast coffee yet; otherwise he would have put "good" in front of "morning."

"Weather conditions normal, My Lord," reported Gerard. "High water today at eleven thirty. No arrivals during the night, and nothing in sight this morning from the signal station. No news of the packet, My Lord, and no news of Triton."

"A negative report if ever there was one," said Hornblower.

The negatives in the last two phrases balanced each other; H.M.S. Triton was bringing out a successor to relieve him of his command at the end of his three years' appointment, and Hornblower was not happy over the prospect of ceasing to be Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies; but the West India packet was bringing out his wife, whom he had not seen during all this time. She was coming out so as to make the return voyage to England with him.

"The packet's due any day, My Lord," said Gerard, soothingly.

"Your business is to tell me things I don't know, Mr. Gerard," snapped Hornblower. It annoyed him

Bandsman Hudnutt had played the wrong note



Hornblower heard the drum-major to the end. Clearly Hudnutt's refusal to play B flat was mutiny

that his personal staff should think him human enough to be anxious to see his wife. He looked over his shoulder at his secretary. "What do you have there, Spendlove?"

Spendlove made a hasty rearrangement of the sheaf of papers in his hand. Hornblower's coffee was due at any moment, and Spendlove had something he did not want to show his chief until it had come and was half drunk at least.

"Here are the dockyard returns to the thirty-first ultimo, My Lord," he said.

"Can't you say 'to the end of last month'?" demanded Hornblower, taking them from him.

"Aye, aye, My Lord," said Spendlove, passionately hoping the coffee would come soon.

"Anything in these?" asked Hornblower.

"Nothing for your special attention, My Lord."

"Then why trouble me with them? Next?"

"Your coffee, My Lord," said Gerard at this moment, relief apparent in his voice.

"Better late than never," snapped Hornblower. "And for God's sake don't fuss round me. I'll pour it for myself."

SPENDLOVE watched the level of the liquid sink in the cup as Hornblower drank. Then he laid a letter on the desk.

"From Sir Thomas, My Lord."

Hornblower uttered a small groan as he picked it up; Captain Sir Thomas Fell of H.M.S. *Clorinda* was a fussy individual, and a communication from him usually meant trouble.

"What's all this about?" he demanded.

"It's rather a curious case, I hear, My Lord."

It was a "circumstantial letter," a formal request from Captain Fell for a court martial to be held on Bandsman Hudnutt of the Royal Marines for "wilful and persistent disobedience to orders." Such a charge, if substantiated, meant death, or else such a flogging that death would be preferable. Spendlove was perfectly well aware that his admiral detested hangings and floggings.

"The charges are preferred by the drum-major," commented Hornblower to himself.

He knew the drum-major, Cobb, perfectly

well. As admiral and commander-in-chief, Hornblower had his own band, which was under the command of Cobb, holding warrant rank. Before any official occasion where music had to be provided, Cobb reported to Hornblower for orders and instructions, and Hornblower would go through the farce of agreeing with the suggestions put forward. He had never admitted that he could not tell one note from another.

"What d'you mean by 'a curious case,' Spendlove?" he asked.

"I believe an artistic conscience is involved, My Lord," replied Spendlove, cautiously.

Hornblower was pouring, and tasting, his second cup of coffee; that might have a bearing on the breaking of Bandsman Hudnutt's neck, thought Spendlove.

"An artistic conscience?" said Hornblower. "I'll see the drum-major this morning. Send for him now."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

Hornblower had received the only necessary clue, and need not demean himself by prying further unless the interview with Cobb should prove unfruitful.

Drum-Major Cobb was an enormous man with an enormous moustache, and he made an enormous entrance into the room, clashing his boot heels together as he halted before the desk and swept up his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Cobb," said Hornblower, mildly.

"Good morning, My Lord." There was as much flourish in the phrase as there had been in the salute.

"I want to hear about these charges against this bandsman—Hudnutt."

A sideways glance from Cobb gave Hornblower a hint. "Get out of here," said Hornblower to his staff. "Leave Mr. Cobb alone with me."

When the door was shut, Hornblower was all good manners. "Please sit down, Mr. Cobb," he said. "Then you can tell me at your ease what really happened."

"Thank you, My Lord."

"Well, now?"

"That young Hudnutt, My Lord, he's a fool

if ever there was one. I'm sorry this has happened, My Lord, but he deserves all he's going to get."

"Yes? He's a fool, you say?"

"He's a downright fool, My Lord. I'm not saying he isn't a good musician, because he is. That's the truth, My Lord. The cornet's a new-fangled instrument, My Lord, and he's a marvel at it. Or he was, My Lord."

That change to the past tense indicated that, in Cobb's opinion, Hudnutt, through death or disablement, would never play the cornet again.

"He's young?"

"Nineteen, My Lord."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, My Lord, it was like this. We was rehearsing the new march that come out in the last packet. 'Dondello,' it's called, My Lord. Just the cornet and the drums. And it sounded different, and I had Hudnutt play it again.

"I could hear what he was doing, My Lord. There's a lot of B flat accidentals in that march, and he wasn't flattening them. I asked him what he meant by it, and he said it sounded too sweet. That's what he said, My Lord. And it's written on the music. 'Dolce,' it says, and 'dolce' means sweet, My Lord."

"I know," lied Hornblower.

"So I says, 'You play that again and you flat those B's.' And he says, 'I can't.' And I says, 'You mean you won't?' And then I says, 'I'll give you one more chance'—although by rights I shouldn't have, My Lord.

"I says, 'This is an order, remember,' and I gives them the beat and they starts off, and there was the B naturals. So I says, 'You heard me give you an order?' and he says, 'Yes.' So there wasn't nothing I could do after that, My Lord. I calls the guard and I had him marched to the guardhouse. And then I had to prefer charges, My Lord."

"This happened with the band present?"

"Yes, My Lord. The whole sixteen."

Wilful disobedience to an order, before sixteen witnesses. It hardly mattered if there were six or sixteen or sixty; the point was that everyone in Hornblower's command knew by now that discipline had been defied, an order deliberately disobeyed. The man must die, or be flogged into a crippled wreck, lest others defy orders.

IF the order that had been disobeyed had been something different, if there had been a refusal to lay out along a yard, say, however perilous the conditions, Hornblower would not have given all this thought to the matter, despite his detestation of physical cruelty. That sort of order must be instantly obeyed.

"Artistic conscience," Spendlove had said. Hornblower had no idea of any difference between B and B flat, but he could dimly understand that it might be important to some people. A man might be tempted to refuse to do something that offended his artistic sensibilities.

Hornblower studied Cobb's expression intently. The man was speaking the truth. A court martial would be impressed by his reliability as a witness. And he remained unperturbed under Hornblower's steady stare.

"Thank you, Mr. Cobb," said Hornblower at last. "I am glad to have had such a clear statement of the facts. That will be all for the present."

Cobb took his leave. Gerard and Spendlove came back into the room to find Hornblower staring at nothing, but Hornblower shook off his preoccupation instantly.

"Draft an answer to Sir Thomas for my signature, if you please, Mr. Spendlove. It can be a mere acknowledgment, but then add that there is no possibility of immediate action, because I cannot assemble the necessary number

once too often. But the penalty was death—or five hundred vicious lashes

of captains with so many ships detached."

Except in emergency, a court where sentence of death might be passed could not be convened unless there were at least seven captains and commanders available as judges. That gave Hornblower time to consider what action he should take.

"This man's in the dockyard prison, I suppose," he went on. "Remind me to take a look at him on my way through the dockyard today."

"Aye, aye, My Lord," said Gerard, careful to betray no surprise at an admiral allotting time to visit a mutinous marine.

YET it was not far out of Hornblower's way. When the time came, he strolled slowly down through the beautiful garden of Admiralty House, and Evans, the disabled sailor who was head gardener, came in a jerky hurry to open the wicket gate in the fifteen-foot palisade.

"Thank you, Evans," said Hornblower, passing through.

The prison stood isolated at the edge of the dockyard, a small cubical building of mahogany logs, roofed with palm thatch. Hornblower stood by while the padlock was unfastened.

Hudnutt was revealed as a painfully young man, his cheeks hardly showing a trace of his one day's beard. He blinked big blue eyes in the sunlight and wriggled with embarrassment.

"What happened? Tell me," said Hornblower.

"Well, sir. . . ."

Hornblower had to coax the story out of him, but bit by bit it confirmed all that Cobb had said.

"I couldn't bring myself to play that music, My Lord. I couldn't do it."

The blue eyes looked over Hornblower's head at infinity; perhaps at some vision invisible to the rest of the world.

"You were a fool to disobey an order."

"Yes, sir. Mebbe so, sir." The broad Yorkshire which Hudnutt spoke sounded odd in this tropical setting.

"How did you come to enlist?"

"For the music, sir."

It called for more questions to extract the story. A boy in a Yorkshire village, not infrequently hungry. A cavalry regiment billeted there, in the last years of the war. The music of its band was like a miracle to this child, who had heard no music save that of wandering pipers in the ten years of his life. The trumpeters let him try to blow their instruments, showed him how to cultivate a lip, and were impressed by the eventual result. The regiment returned after Waterloo, and for two more years the boy went on learning.

And then the regiment was transferred and the hungry years went on. Then an interlude of pure bliss when he joined a wandering theatrical troupe as odd-job boy and musician; that was how he came to be able to read music.

But his belly was empty as often as before; a stable yard meant a luxurious bed to him; those months were months of fleabitten nights and footsore days, and they ended in his being left behind sick.

That happened in Portsmouth, and then it was inevitable that, hungry and weak, he should be picked up by a marine recruiting sergeant marching through the streets with a band. His enlistment coincided with the introduction of the *cornet à pistons* into military music, and the next thing that happened to him was that he was shipped off to the West Indies to take his place in the commander-in-chief's band under the direction of Drum-Major Cobb.

"I see," said Hornblower; and indeed he could dimly see. Six months with a travelling theatrical troupe would be poor preparation for the discipline of the Royal Marines; that was

obvious, but Hornblower could also guess at the rest, at this sensitiveness about music which was the real cause of the trouble.

He eyed the boy again, seeking for ideas regarding how to deal with this situation.

"My Lord! My Lord!" This was Gerard hastening up to him. "The packet's signalled."

The packet! Barbara would be on board. It was three years since he had seen her last, and for three weeks now he had been awaiting her from minute to minute.

"Call away my barge. I'm coming," he said.

A wave of excitement swept away his concern regarding the Hudnutt affair. He was about to hurry after Gerard, and then hesitated. What could he say in two seconds to a man awaiting trial for his life?

"Goodbye, Hudnutt." That was all he could say, leaving him standing dumbly there—he could hear the clash of keys and padlock as he hastened after Gerard. . . .

Eight oars bit into the blue water, but no speed that they could give the dancing barge could be fast enough to satisfy Hornblower. There was the brig . . . and there was a white dot at her side—Barbara waving her handkerchief.

The barge surged alongside and Hornblower swung himself up into the main chains, and there was Barbara in his arms; there were her lips against his, and then her grey eyes smiling at him, and then her lips against his again, and the afternoon sun blazing down on them both.

Then they could stand at arms' length and look at each other.

"You look well, my dear," Barbara said.

"So do you!"

HER cheeks were golden with sunburn after a month at sea. They laughed in each other's faces out of sheer happiness before they kissed again and then eventually drew apart.

"Dear, this is Captain Knyvett, who has looked after me so kindly on the voyage."

"Welcome aboard, My Lord." Knyvett was short and stocky and grizzled. "But I fancy you'll not be staying with us long today."

"We'll both be your passengers when you sail again," said Barbara.

"If my relief has come," said Hornblower, adding to Barbara, "Triton hasn't arrived yet."

"'Twill be two full weeks before we're ready to sail again, My Lord," said Knyvett. "I trust we shall have the pleasure of your company and her Ladyship's."

"I sincerely hope so," said Hornblower. "Meanwhile we'll leave you for now—I hope you'll dine at Admiralty House as soon as you have leisure. Can you get down into the barge, my dear?"

"Of course," said Barbara.

Barbara had no hoops in her skirts; she knew enough about shipboard breezes to dispense with those. Hornblower dropped down into the stern-sheets of the barge, and a growl from the coxswain at the tiller turned the eyes of the boat's crew to seaward so that they would see nothing they should not see, while Knyvett and Gerard swung Barbara down into Hornblower's arms in a flurry of petticoats.

"Give way!"

The barge surged away from the ship's side, over the blue water, towards the Admiralty House pier, with Barbara and Hornblower hand in hand in the stern sheets.

"Delightful, dear," said Barbara, looking about her when she landed. "A commander-in-chief's life is spent in pleasant places."

Pleasant enough, thought Hornblower, except for yellow fever and pirates and international crises and temperamental marines awaiting trial, but this was not the time to mention such things.

Evans, hobbling on his wooden leg, was at

the pier to greet them, and Hornblower could see that he was Barbara's slave from the first moment that he was presented to her.

"You must take me round the gardens the first moment I'm free," said Barbara.

"Yes, Your Ladyship. Of course, Your Ladyship."

They walked slowly up to the house; here it was a delicate business to show Barbara round and to present the staff to her, for Admiralty House was run along lines laid down at the Admiralty; to alter a stick of furniture or to change the status of any of the naval ratings working there was something Barbara would not be able to do.

"It seems to be as well, darling," said Barbara with a twinkle, "that my stay here is to be short. How short?"

"Until Ransome arrives in Triton," answered Hornblower, "and I am legally relieved."

"And when Ransome comes?"

"He, of course, moves into this house. His Excellency has invited us to be his guests at Government House until we sail for home."

"I see. And if Ransome is so late that we miss the packet?"

"Then we wait for the next. I hope not. It would be uncomfortable. No new commander-in-chief wants to have his predecessor staying on."

"Criticizing all his actions, of course. Is that what you'd do, dear?"

"I wouldn't be human if I did not."

"And I know so well you're human," said Barbara, putting out her hands to him.

There was so much to talk about, so much news to be exchanged. It was late on the



Hudnutt said: "I couldn't bring myself to play that music, My Lord. I couldn't do it"

A man's life depended on the way Hornblower handled his little dinner

second day, while they were dining alone together, that Hudnutt first came into the conversation. Hornblower explained the situation briefly.

"You're going to court-martial him?" asked Barbara.

"Likely enough, when I can convene a court."

"And what will the verdict be?"

"Guilty, of course. There's no doubt about it."

"I don't mean the verdict. I mean the sentence. What will that be?"

Hornblower quoted from the Articles of War. "Every person so offending, being convicted thereof by the sentence of the court-martial, shall suffer death, or such less punishment as from the nature and degree of the offence the court-martial shall deem him to deserve."

"You don't mean that, dear?" Barbara's grey eyes opened wide across the little table from him. "Death? But you said 'such less punishment.' What could that be?"

"Flogging round the fleet. Five hundred lashes."

"Five hundred lashes? For playing B natural instead of B flat?"

That was exactly what one might expect a woman to say.

"Dear, that's not the charge. The charge is wilful disobedience of orders."

"But it's such a trifling matter."

"Dear, disobedience to orders can never be a trifling matter."

But, woman-like, Barbara clung to her position, however much her flank might be turned by cold logic.

"But if you hang him," she said, "or if you flog him, I expect—he'll never play another B natural again. What good does that do?"

"It's the good of the service——"

"He can appeal, of course—can he?"

"In home waters he could. But I am a Commander-in-Chief in a foreign station, and from my decision there is no appeal."

It was a sobering speech. Barbara gazed across the table at this man, changed suddenly from her tender, loving husband into a potentate who held the power of life and death.

"And the trial will be soon?" she asked.

"Just as soon as I can convene a court. At the moment there are not enough captains available. Triton's captain, when Ransome arrives, would give the necessary number, but then I shall be relieved of command and the matter will be out of my hands. But if Flora should come in before that—I detached her to the Gulf Coast—I shall be responsible."

"I see, dear," said Barbara, not taking her eyes from his face. Even before he spoke again she was aware that there was something in his mind which would modify the harshness of what he had said so far.

"Naturally I have not made up my mind yet," he said. "But there is a further possibility which I'm considering."

"Yes?" She could hardly breathe the word.

"The confirmation of the finding and the sentence would be the last act of my command. I could commute the sentence as an act of clemency in recognition of the good behaviour of the squadron during my command."

"I see. And if Ransome arrives before Flora?"

"I can do nothing, except——"

"Except——?"

"I could suggest to Ransome that he might begin his command with an act of clemency."

"And would he?"

"I know very little about Ransome, dear. I simply cannot say."

Barbara opened her mouth to speak. She was going to say, "Will he think a B flat more

important than a man's life?" but she stopped herself in the nick of time.

Next morning Hornblower had to tell himself that the Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies, even if he were awaiting his relief, still had duties to do; even if his wife had newly joined him. But it was delightful to have Barbara walk down with him through the Admiralty House gardens to see him on his way as far as the wicket gate in the lofty dockyard palisade.

It was a little unfortunate that, at the moment when Evans was unlocking the gate, Hudnutt should appear on the other side of the palisade taking his exercise. He was marching up and down between a file of marines under command of a corporal.

"Pris'ner an' escort—halt!" bellowed the corporal at sight of his admiral. "Escort, present—arms!"

Hornblower formally acknowledged the salute before turning to say goodbye to his wife.

"Escort, sl—o—o—ope arms!" bellowed the corporal, in marine fashion, as if the escort had been at the other side of the dockyard.

"Is that the bandsman—Hudnutt, dear?" asked Barbara.

"Yes," said Hornblower.

"He's nothing more than a boy," said Barbara.

"He's not very old," agreed Hornblower. Then he kissed the cheek that Barbara held up to him, and left her.

THE presence of his wife was delightful, even though it meant greatly increased activities for Hornblower. The next two or three days involved considerable entertaining, but Barbara seemed to enjoy it all.

"You danced a good deal with young Bonner, dear," Hornblower remarked to her when they were home again after the Governor's party.

"He's a very good dancer," said Barbara.

"He's something of a villain, I believe," countered Hornblower. "There's never been anything proved, but much suspected—smuggling, slave running, and all the rest of it."

"He's invited to Government House," said Barbara.

"Nothing proved, as I said. But in my official capacity I've often been interested in the activities of those fishing boats of his. You may find you've been dancing with a jailbird one of these days."

"Jailbirds are more amusing than military secretaries," smiled Barbara.

Barbara's activity was astonishing. Even after a night's gaiety she went riding during the day, and Hornblower was content that she should.

Barbara was out riding one morning before the heat of the day, when a messenger was brought into Hornblower at Admiralty House.

"Message from the cap'n, My Lord. Triton's signalled. She's heading in with a fair wind."

"Very well. My compliments to the captain, and I'll come down."

So this was the end of his three years as Commander-in-Chief. Ransome would take over command, possibly today, but certainly tomorrow, and he himself would be on half-pay and due to go home.

It was not until he was on his way to his barge that Hornblower remembered that now he would be relieved of the necessity to come to a decision in the Hudnutt case.

Ransome proved to be a burly man with the heavy, fashionable sidewhiskers, more grey than black. He presented his captain, Coleman, and then turned an attentive ear to Hornblower's explanation of the arrangements made.

"I'll assume command tomorrow," decided Ransome. "I'll spend tonight on board here."

"Admiralty House will be ready for you to

occupy tomorrow, sir," Hornblower said. "Perhaps you might like to give us the honour of your company at dinner today? There might perhaps be information that I could give you regarding the situation here."

Ransome shot a glance at Hornblower charged with a certain amount of suspicion; he did not wish to have any ready-made policies thrust upon him by his predecessor. Yet the suggestion was obviously sensible.

"It would be a great pleasure. I must thank you, My Lord."

The king is dead, long live the king, thought Hornblower, on his way back ashore. Tomorrow the splendour and dignity of a commander-in-chief would be transferred from him to Ransome. And he found he didn't like the idea. He had found his polite pose of deference to Ransome more than a little irksome, and he really thought Ransome could have been more polite in return.

HE gave vent to a good deal of this feeling as he told Barbara about the interview, and he checked himself at sight of Barbara's amused twinkle and raised eyebrow.

"You are the sweetest simpleton, my very dearest," said Barbara. "Don't you understand that no man could find it easy to replace Hornblower? One might say he's jealous, envious—and he showed it."

"I can't really believe that," said Hornblower.

"And I love you because you can't believe it," said Barbara. "I could tell you so in a hundred ways, if I did not have to go and put on my finest gown to win Admiral Ransome's heart."

Ransome was a man of fine presence, bulk and sidewhiskers and all; Hornblower had not really appreciated the fact at their first meeting. His manner was somewhat more cordial in Barbara's presence. Hornblower did his best to



party. And Lady Barbara could see that he was getting out of his depth



Lady Barbara forced herself to smile at Ransome. . . . Hornblower knew that he had failed—and that his wife knew it too

exploit this faint cordiality. Yet all the same, dinner was not a tremendous success. There was still a certain tenseness.

And, as dinner was approaching its end, Hornblower was conscious of a glance darted at him by Barbara; it was only one glance, and of the most fleeting nature, but Hornblower understood. Barbara was jogging his memory regarding a matter that was important to her.

He awaited a suitable turn in the conversation before mentioning the subject. "Oh, yes," he said then, "there's a court-martial pending. A marine bandsman. . . ."

He went on to tell Ransome the circumstances of the case, treating it lightly. He was aware, even if Ransome was not, of the closeness with which Barbara was studying Ransome's expression as the narrative continued.

"Repeated and deliberate disobedience to a lawful order," Ransome was repeating to himself Hornblower's own words. "It could have been mutiny."

"So it could," agreed Hornblower. "But it's rather a curious case. I'm glad you have the decision to make regarding it, and not I."

"It seems to me as if the evidence will be quite incontrovertible."

"No doubt," Hornblower made himself smile. "But the circumstances are a little unusual." The stony expression on Ransome's face was most discouraging. Hornblower would have abandoned any further effort if Barbara had not been there, but as it was he went on. "If the trial had been held during the period of my command I might have—naturally I had not made up my mind—commuted the sentence

to mark my appreciation of the good behaviour of the squadron."

"Yes?" said Ransome; no monosyllable could have expressed greater lack of interest. But Hornblower plunged on.

"It had occurred to me that you might find this a favourable opportunity to display clemency as your first official act."

"That will be a matter for my own decision."

"Of course," agreed Hornblower.

"And I cannot imagine my taking any action of that sort, naturally. I cannot have the squadron believing that I shall be lenient as regards discipline."

"Of course," said Hornblower again. He could see the uselessness of further argument.

"Now I shall leave you gentlemen to your wine," said Barbara suddenly. Hornblower looked at her just in time to see her frozen expression melt into the smile he knew so well.

"I shall say good night to you, Admiral. I shall make every effort—as far as the rules of the navy allow—to see that this house is in good condition for you to take over tomorrow, and I hope you will be comfortable in it."

"Thank you," said Ransome; the two men were on their feet now.

"Good night, dear," said Barbara to Hornblower. Hornblower was aware that the smile she gave him was not quite real, and he knew her to be acutely upset.

She left them, and Hornblower passed the port, and settled down again to what proved to be a long evening. Ransome, having asserted himself, was by no means averse to acquiring any information that might come his way. Nor

to finishing the bottle of port and starting on another.

So it was very late before Hornblower went to bed. Barbara was asleep, and he was glad of it. If she had been awake, they could hardly have avoided discussing the Hudnutt case.

Nor was there any time next morning, for the moment Hornblower was called he had to hurry into the dressing-room and array himself in his best uniform and hasten away to the ceremony of the change of command.

As the officer to be relieved, he was first upon the quarterdeck of the flagship, and stationed himself on the starboard side, his staff behind him. Captain Sir Thomas Fell, who had received him, busied himself with receiving the other captains as they came on board. The marine band—without Hudnutt—played selections on the poop; the pipes of the bosun's mates twittered unceasingly to welcome the continuous arrivals; the sun blazed down.

Then came a pause, intense in its drama. Then the band burst into a march again. There were ruffles of drums and flourishes of bugles as Ransome came up the side with his staff behind him, to take up his station on the port side. Fell came forward to Hornblower with his hand at his hat brim.

"Ship's company fallen in, My Lord."

"Thank you, Sir Thomas." Spendlove pressed a paper into Hornblower's hand; Hornblower stepped forward. "Orders from the Lords Commissioners for the execution of the office of Lord High Admiral, to me, Horatio Lord Hornblower, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Rear-Admiral of the Red Squadron—"

He really had trouble in preventing his voice from trembling, forcing himself to read in a harsh and matter-of-fact tone. He folded the paper and gave his last order.

"Sir Thomas, please have the goodness to haul down my flag."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

The first of the thirteen saluting guns went off as the Red Ensign came slowly down from the mizzen peak. A long, long, descent; sixty seconds for thirteen guns, and when the flag completed its descent Hornblower was the poorer by forty-nine pounds three shillings and sevenpence a month command pay.

A MOMENT later Ransome came forward, paper in hand, to read the orders of the Lords Commissioners to him, Henry Ransome, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Rear-Admiral of the Blue Squadron.

"Hoist my flag, Sir Thomas."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Up to the mizzen peak rose the Blue Ensign; until it broke at the peak, the ship was silent, but then it unfolded itself in the breeze and the salute roared out and the band played. Hornblower stepped forward, raising his hand in salute to the new Commander-in-Chief.

"Permission to leave the ship, sir?"

"Permission granted."

Ruffles of drums, bugle calls, pipes, and Hornblower went down the ship's side.

He might have been sentimental; he might have felt agony of regret, but there was instant distraction awaiting him in the boat.

"My Lord," said Spendlove beside him in the stern sheets.

"Well?"

"That prisoner—Hudnutt, the marine bandsman—"

"What about him?"

"He's escaped, My Lord. He broke prison during the night."

To be continued next week

© C. S. Forester, 1958

DOES WORK MAKE YOU SICK?

Industry is fighting a silent enemy. With their wages, many workers take home headaches—or worse

by ROY HILL

SEVERAL workers at Windscale plutonium plant became radio-active last October. The man worst affected had a bath, a Yul Brynner haircut and slept in a nightcap and gloves which were later buried deep in the factory grounds. He shampooed his hair twelve times before it was free from uranium dust.

A technician at a factory went home early and told his wife: "Don't be alarmed, but I've got a touch of di-isopropylfluorophosphonate poisoning."

"Of what?"

"I'm not feeling well."

Next day he was sick and a doctor injected him with atropine. He recovered in a week.

Both men were lucky to escape so lightly. Thousands of materials used industrially can be dangerous to health.

Typically dangerous is TOCP, a phosphorus compound used to make lacquers, dopes and synthetic fabrics.

In 1938 the crew of a French ship cooked their meals in oil from a drum which had contained the chemical. They became paralysed or collapsed on deck while the ship drifted in the Bay of Biscay.

In 1940 a Swiss army cook mistook TOCP for cooking oil and poisoned eighty soldiers. Two



Clarinet playing is one of fifty jobs where high-speed repetitive movements bring attacks of cramp

years later three British workmen were poisoned by fumes from a vat of the chemical.

"The wonder is," says Dr. Peter Challen, a member of the staff of Slough Industrial Health Services, "that with so many toxic materials in everyday use more industrial workers aren't affected."

Challen advises the managements of 180 local factories how to anticipate and fight disease. "We try to replace dangerous materials with harmless ones; or to recommend ways to depollute the working atmosphere. Personal protection of workers by masks and special clothes is a last resort—a confession of failure."

He visited an engineering works where men complained of tiredness, coughs and headaches. Ultra-violet light caused by welding was acting on the air and producing ozone—"which is not the bracing seaside health-giver some people think." When a fume-extraction system was installed complaints of illness ceased.

Examining men at another factory Challen found changes in their blood. He persuaded the management to replace the benzene in a process by a less poisonous solvent. The blood-count of most of the men returned to normal; two others recovered after treatment.

A century ago Sheffield table-ware grinders worked in unventilated rooms, enveloped in clouds of fine silica dust from their sandstone wheels. None lived to the ripe old age of fifty.

Silicosis—fibrous tissue in the lungs—has been tackled seriously only in the last thirty years. Sandstone wheels have been superseded and alumina has replaced silica-bearing flint in the pottery industry.

Recently a factories inspector found a stonemason using flint dust to sand-blast letters on

Continued on page 22

In all County Mayo

there wasn't a man would

lift a finger against

the wee people

IN the district where Belmullet is there's nothing else anything like a town, so, with its population of 650 souls, two churches, a post office, twenty-one pubs and four streets of grey houses, Belmullet is a town. It lies in the most remote corner of the most barren county in all Ireland, the County Mayo.

Eastwards a narrow, bumpy road ribbons through forty miles of treeless, forsaken bog and moor to Ballina, a real town which, in summer, has three trains a day from Dublin. Southwards from Belmullet bare and deserted mountains fill the distance and forty miles of lonely road lead to Westport.

North and west the Atlantic thunders on empty strands and breaks white on rocky islands just off the coast. The wind howls in "all the way from Halifax" and the rain seems to lash down three hundred days a year. Belmullet is in a world of its own. As one of the inhabitants put it: "It's difficult to imagine how the place got here. Sure, it would have been better off anywhere else, at all."

In this isolated, weather-torn district where the land yields nothing without a bitter struggle, where bad luck with a crop, or a cow going dry, can bring a family near to starvation, the old Irish language never died out. It survives as a mother tongue, spoken for preference by entire villages. With it survive old beliefs, old traditions, fear-haunted words for creatures of the night—banshees, pookas, cluricaunes, leprechauns, merrows, far darrigs, fear-gortas, and headless dallahans. All of them like to amuse themselves turning milk sour, laming horses and donkeys, making cows barren and defying the machine age by puncturing bicycle tyres or overturning the occasional tractor.

Empty though the countryside is by day, the nights, it seems, are unusually crowded. It's just as well to be on the safe side. Even if it might mean recognizing the territorial rights of such creatures. . . .

Last April twenty workmen employed by the Irish Land Commission were putting up fences between smallholdings at Toorglas, which is three miles farther away than Belmullet. In charge of the gang was Tony Walshe, blond, weatherbeaten, six foot two inches and fourteen stone of bone, muscle and superstition. From his office up two flights of wooden stairs in Belmullet the work was directed by Land Commission Supervisor Anthony Mannion, sharp-faced, choleric, eleven stone of civic dignity.

The fences consisted of sods cut from the edges of the fields and piled up into an earth wall, leaving a channel on either side to help to drain off the constant rain. Work was going with a swing, and an occasional swig in the lee of the fence, until the men came to Michael Shevlin's twenty acres and the boundary separating it from land belonging to Martin Shevlin ("one of the tribe, but no relation").

The Land Commission, following their usual practice, had engaged local labour to do the job, men who knew the district thoroughly. Irish farmers had been found to be touchy when



In factories where dangerous chemicals are handled, sticking to rules can mean the difference between life and death

The fairies who started a strike

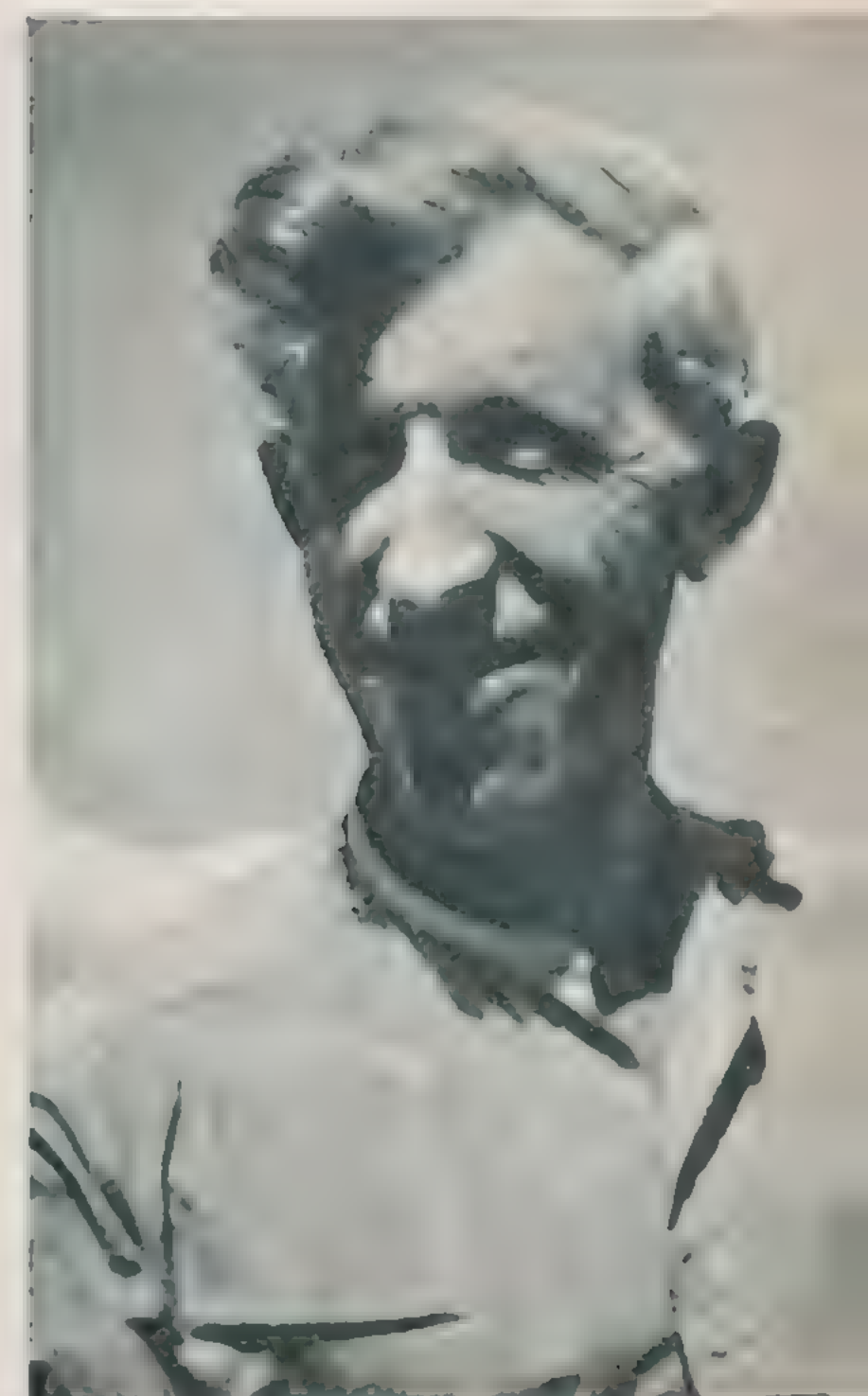
by REX GRIZELL



Farmer Michael Shevlin stands on the fairy mound with a visitor. Behind them a fence circles the palace



Michael Shevlin owns half the palace. Once friendly fairies helped his great-grandfather with the harvest



Martin Shevlin is not superstitious but says, "It'd be unlucky to interfere with the fairy fort"

a gang of strange men came to alter the positions of fences. The Land Commission's device had worked well in other parts of Ireland.

The workmen were not unduly disturbed when they looked down the line of the proposed fence and saw that it would cut through a grass grown mound of boulders and stony rubble. They did not anticipate any difficulty because, being local men, they did not see a stony mound, they saw a ratheen, a fairy palace. Since they all knew, and all their lives had known, that that particular place belonged to the fairies, and since it was well known that to interfere with such a place might bring early death, they took it for granted that the fence would go round it.

Not until Walshe had made it quite clear that Mannion meant the fence to go straight through the fairy palace did the workmen form the opinion that a wild decision had been made. "It's a mistake, for sure," said one. "A man

would have to be roaring drunk to think of such a thing," said another. "We'll not do it," was the general opinion. Picks and spades were downed, hands reached into hip pockets, and stories of the fairy palace which they had all heard before were reiterated with enthusiasm and impromptu elaboration.

Walshe found it hard to disagree with them. His own father was on terms of fairly close acquaintance with the fairies, and had often stressed the necessity of a good neighbour policy towards them.

As a boy, old Peter Walshe had known Michael Shevlin's grandfather, and had often heard him tell how his father, cutting a field of oats one warm summer evening after returning from a wedding celebration, had been stricken with a sudden mysterious paralysis. Unable to

lift a finger, he had watched as thirty or forty fairies appeared about him and got on with the job. They all wore striped coats and were about four foot tall, the tallest about four feet ten. In the morning there was not a stalk of oats left standing in the field, all had been cut and neatly stooked.

Peter Walshe had often explained that the fairies had done this because the man concerned was a "good neighbour" who always left his cow out at night so that the fairies could get a sup of milk, and didn't mind if the potatoes disappeared faster than he could eat them. "If you interfere with the little people, then look out," he would say, stabbing the air fiercely with his old pipe.

What had happened to the man who took stones from the fairy palace to build a wall of his house? one of the workmen demanded of his

Continued on page 29

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

ILLUSTRATED
BY WYLES

"You can't have me and the horses," Joyce told him firmly. Terry knew that was where he should put his foot down, but he was in love—a great handicap



DOUBLE STAKES

by BRETON AMIS

Joyce had given him a warning. If he went to the races, he'd go to the altar alone. But then, Terry could never resist a gamble

GAMBLING was in Terry Homer's blood. His father had punted happily through life, leaving nothing more than a few form books; his Uncle Arthur had a rags-to-riches system that never paid off; and his brother Reg played the trombone at the local theatre, mainly because it left his afternoons free for the race meetings.

At twenty-three Terry was following the family tradition, with as many ups and downs as a steeplechaser. At twenty-four he was also following a girl, and being forced to realize that girls and gambling didn't mix. Not if the girls were like Joyce Garland.

Joyce was a small blonde, with a feathery fringe over her big hazel eyes. Terry, who was large, with flaming red hair, had kissed her rounded chin many times before noticing, with some surprise, a certain firmness about it. But he was madly in love with Joyce, and thought he was in paradise when she accepted him.

Of course, there were snags, and betting was the biggest one.

"I'm not a spoilsport, Terry," Joyce explained. "Five bob here and there won't break us, but I'm not going to marry a gambler who doesn't know where to stop. I've seen too many green grass widows wondering where the next week's housekeeping money's coming from."

Joyce knew that falling in love with Terry was as risky as jabbing a pin into a list of probables. But she also knew that that was a gamble which would pay off if she kept a tight hold on the reins. Terry was all right—just a

little bit weak where horses were concerned.

So she pulled him up when he mentioned Bamford races.

"Saturday week?" she said, frowning a little. "But, Terry, that's the day when Aunt Peggy and Aunt Sue are coming here to tea with Cousin Ethel and her three little girls—especially to meet you."

"Can't they make it this Saturday, or the one after?" Terry suggested. "The club has hired a coach and we're all going. I've never missed Bamford."

"You have to this time, darling. It'll prove that you love me more than the horses."

Terry was beaten. What could he say to that? If he let her down she was capable of calling off the wedding, although they had found a flat. If he skipped the races, the boys at the club would want to know why, and the idea of him sitting in at a hen party on race day would make them laugh their heads off.

What could he say to the boys? He pretended he had an important business deal to put through that afternoon. He made a good story of it, but they didn't believe him because Joyce had spread the news of the tea party. She wanted them to understand that Terry was a non-starter from now on.

They told him to assert himself, to show her who was in the saddle, for if he let a girl like her wear the riding breeches—smashing though she'd look in them—he might just as well hang up his glasses. They also reminded him of his father, who had cut a family funeral to lose the

wreath money on these selfsame races, and of how his brother Reg had pawned his trombone to back last year's big winner, redeeming it just in time for the evening performance.

It was all in good fun, but Terry had a temper that went with red hair.

"Button your big mouths, or you'll be swallowing a few teeth," he warned his friends. "I haven't decided about the races. Maybe I'll be there, if I hear of anything good."

The club bookie promptly offered three to one against Terry's being there. There were no takers. They knew how hard Terry had fallen, and thought he had as much chance of making the races as had his dad, dead these six years.

Terry tried again to persuade Joyce to let him go, but it was like showing the water-jump to a filly who had twice refused. She just dug her toes in.

"You can't have me and the horses, Terry. If you aren't at the tea party, I won't be at the church."

This was where he should have put his foot down but, being in love, he was badly handicapped. Joyce jockeyed herself skilfully into his arms, her lips like wild strawberry, sweet and red and warm. Terry heard himself saying he would rather marry her than bring off the spring double, and did she want their new kitchen painted gooseberry green or custard cream?

"I'll tell you at the tea party, darling," she murmured.

At the club Terry dared not strike his name off the list of those going to the races by coach. He paid his pound, although it included beer he wouldn't be there to drink. His friends winked at one another and said they'd keep his seat warm, if Joyce didn't give him cold feet.

FED up with the ribbing, Terry went across to the Angel for a quiet pint. Brother Reg was there, a big man with a formidable moustache grown to hide his lip when he bit into it in those last tense moments when the horses were bunched as they thundered past the post. Being in the theatre, Reg knew almost as much about women as he did about horses, and was sympathetic.

"They're jealous creatures, Terry boy," he said, "ever out to humble a man's pride. You've set yourself a problem—and come to the right person to solve it. How about a double?"

"Make mine another pint," Terry said gloomily.

"I mean a flesh-and-blood double, like the film stars have when there's dirty work to be done. I know an agency that can match up anybody, from a bishop to a disc jockey."

"Joyce wouldn't be taken in by a double, and she isn't dirty work," Terry objected. "She's the sweetest, prettiest—"

"Yes, yes." Reg wiped his moustache. "And of course she'd have your ears off if you didn't parade in the family paddock. But I'm not thinking of her. You go to the party, and your double goes to the races."

"A ringer?" Terry was shocked. One of their uncles had trained horses until warned off

for planting a ringer—a horse touched up to resemble another and running in its name.

"Why not? In some of your clothes, a red wig on his head, a race-card quivering in his hand and field glasses glued to his eyes, your double will have the boys saying: 'There's old Terry, running loose!' I tell you, it's a snip!"

Terry shook his head. "They know me too well. A double would give himself away the moment he stepped into the coach."

"He'll be going in my car. Your crowd go in the cheap enclosure, but I pay forty bob for the grandstand. They'll see you trailing the coach in a cloud of dust and exhaust, and then later they'll spot you through their glasses, standing near that tic-tac man they think they can read. But, remember, they'll be a quarter of a mile away."

Terry began to take it seriously. If it could be done, what a fast one to pull on the boys! His pride would be saved. The laugh would be on them, even if it did come out later. . . .

The following week Terry met his double, and had to admit it was like looking in a mirror.

"He could marry Joyce and get away with it," Reg claimed, but the double said he'd want danger money for that, as his wife might get nasty. He was a small-time actor, glad of an easy fiver and a day at the races.

From the window of his digs Terry saw the coach pass on Saturday morning, crowned with crates and crammed with optimists. His heart bled to be with them. Then Reg drove past, the double at his side, his red head bent over the racing news.

Terry stood restlessly at the window after the car had passed. He was paying the penalty of love. He spent a miserable morning selecting six horses he would have backed, got his own lunch because the landlady and her husband had gone to Bamford early, then switched on their television for the first three races. His naps weren't placed, but he felt no better.

He was going to his room to change for the tea party when he saw a note on the mat. Joyce had tipped a neighbour's boy to deliver it, and it said the party was off because all Cousin Ethel's infants had measles.

"The spots only showed this morning," she wrote. "I'm going over to see how they are. If you feel like going over to the flat, you'll find the paint under the sink and I'd like the kitchen a very pale green. Come to supper at seven—veal and ham pie."

He wasn't propitiated. For a moment he wondered if she had deliberately tricked him out of the races, but she played straight, even if she did make her own rules.

All the same, he wasn't going to paint any

kitchen. He sulked in front of the landlady's television and saw that he would have made a tidy profit on the last winner, an outsider. That put him in a really vile temper.

To annoy Joyce, he turned up late. But he was received with kisses.

"I'm so sorry about the party, darling," she said, "especially as it wasn't measles after all, but just a heat rash. Did you paint the kitchen?"

"I've been watching the racing," Terry said.

"Well—it's cheaper on television," she said comfortingly. "We'll buy a set as soon as we can and then you'll be able to watch all the sport by our own fireside—with me in your lap." She looked at him reproachfully. "Terry, you aren't sulking, are you?"

Terry said he never sulked. And maybe he didn't, but he was still annoyed with her.

ON Monday she met him, although it was his club night.

"Terry, you *were* at the races," she accused him. "You sneaked off as soon as you got my note, though I told that Dyson boy not to bring it until after lunch. You can't deny it, because you were seen—by lots of people."

"Was I?" he said smoothly. "Ask no questions, Joyce, and you'll be told no lies. I was willing to keep to the arrangements you made, until they came unstuck."

"But you promised——"

"To come to tea. Was it my fault if I didn't? When you messed my afternoon up, I was surely free to do as I liked."

She thought this over and, being a fair-minded girl, had to agree.

"I suppose you were," she said, "although you know how I feel about this craze for gambling. It's as bad as drink. If you want to marry me, Terry, you've had your last flutter. If you don't"—her mouth quivered—"you'd better say so now."

Terry hesitated, and was lost. He couldn't resist her. Once she was in his arms, wild horses couldn't have dragged him away from her. In his heart he knew she was right. Gambling had done nothing for his family, except sweat their hard-earned money out of them.

"I promise I'll give it up," he said.

His reward was a hug and a kiss that left him breathless.

"You darling! I'll see you never regret it," Joyce told him happily. "It's the best wedding present you could give me. And that reminds me—what are we going to do with the money?"

"Money?" he echoed.

"Your Tote double, you wretch!" she laughed. "Don't try to hold out on me, because your pals saw you at the pay window, picking

up a great wad—and were they green with envy! It paid eighty-two pounds, didn't it?"

This had gone far enough. Terry wiped his brow.

"You'd better know the truth," he began. "You see, I wasn't at the races. You didn't want me to go, and I didn't. I just sat and——"

"Darling, don't keep it up," Joyce scolded him. "They all saw you."

"Joyce, I wasn't there!"

"All right, you weren't there," she said huffily. "Anyone would think I wanted the beastly money. I don't, but at least you might buy a television for the flat—or perhaps you're going to keep it all to yourself?"

"Joyce, will you listen? I had a double——"

"I know you did," she said impatiently. "I looked it up, and it paid eighty-two pounds."

Terry gave up.

"All right, I had a big win," he said recklessly, "and I put the whole darn shoot on Top Secret in the last race, and it was left at the post. But I wasn't going to tell you. Now call me a fool and we'll forget it."

"A fool or a liar?" Joyce demanded. "You left half an hour before the last race. Mr. Piggott the butcher saw you in the car park, where you gave the attendant a pound note."

"I was drunk," Terry groaned. "Too much champagne——"

"Reg wouldn't have let you drive the car if you were drunk. Come off it, Terry. I know you're pulling my leg because I'm down on gambling, but let's cross the street and look at the TV sets. Some girls would ask for a fridge or a washing machine, but I'd rather have TV because it will keep you at home. You and your horses!" She squeezed his arm. "Now you've promised to give them up I don't mind saying I think I'm marrying a rather clever man."

"You aren't," Terry said sadly. "You've got yourself the world's prize mug."

"Not when he can buy us a TV set," Joyce said. "You'd better see about it tomorrow, before you make a hole in the winnings."

TERRY said he would, and, when Joyce left him, went over to the club, where he was received with the respect only shown to a visiting M.P. or a Tote double winner. They rolled out the red carpet, straight to the bar. It was an old custom, like holing from the tee at golf. This, they said, was where he wetted the horse's nose, before Joyce soaked him for a three-piece suite, or a fitted carpet.

Terry paid. It was easier than offering explanations which they wouldn't accept. Then the steward told him he was wanted on the telephone and he heard Reg's fruity voice.

"I say, Terry, can you let me have the fiver I paid that chap, if I come along to the Angel? I'm skint. Lost a packet, though he did pretty well for himself. Says to let him know whenever you want a ringer."

"There are only bats in my belfry," Terry said bitterly. "You and your bright ideas! I should have known ringers always win, but I'm not interested. I've been warned off."

He hung up, in a temper. He sat down and wrote a betting slip for the next day's racing—six mixed doubles, up and down and round the bend. Then he tore it up and went across the street to look at TV sets. Hire purchase could be arranged on the side, if he gave up smoking.

But why worry, when he had given up gambling? He would have money to spend—lots of it. He'd buy Joyce a washing machine as well, and a wringer. . . .

He turned towards the Angel, for a few words with his brother Reg. Should he call to see if Joyce had finished washing her hair? After all, she was his real winner.

He tossed a penny for it, and walked on, past the Angel. Brother Reg must wait. THE END

Gymkhana Day



Up from the meadow trots a silk skein of ponies.
Oiled hooves glisten like bronzed dancing slippers.
Over rainbow crests creep the black snail clippers.
Grooms whistle and hiss; horses whicker and fret
And flicker like leaves that are never still.

Then light as pancakes, tossed up to their saddles
Children and their laughter canter to the show.
Thick as roses the prize ribbons cluster and grow.
Flags tug at their hawsers, and horses at headstalls.
Ponies and trumpets whinny brassy and shrill.

Now to each hoof flows the quick blood that tingled
Through vein of racehorse and charger and white
Moonlight Arab. Astride them the bright
Legions of time round the tame meadows canter.
History's horses and heroes are galloping still.

HOW WE DISCOVERED AUSTRALIA

by DICK SNELL

**Starry-eyed we went
to find a new life
and adventure**

**It was rough
and tough—and
full of folk we'll
never forget**



A FEW days after Molly and I took over the saloon at Aloomba, a whistle-stop settlement in the tropical sugar-cane belt of Queensland, Australia, I tried to separate two cane farmers who were brawling in the bar. At Aloomba fighting is the main recreation. It seems to take people's minds off the weather, especially in the wet season when the temperature is in the nineties and there is an eighty-nine per cent humidity.

When I came round, Molly was examining my jaw. "I wish we'd gone in for farming," she said.

Molly comes from farming stock. I reminded her, painfully, that the minimum capital requirements to give us a living in Australia producing Merino wool would be about £25,000; for fat lamb raising, £20,000; cattle grazing, £16,000; milk farming, £8,000 and fruit growing, £7,000. Even a bee farm would have cost £2,200—and that would include houses for the bees but not for us.

We emigrated from Britain, under the Australian Government's assisted-passage scheme, in 1955—less than two years before our arrival at Aloomba—and had not had time to amass such a fortune. The lease on the saloon was comparatively cheap.

"After all, we came to Australia in search of adventure. What's a clip on the jaw once in a while?" I said, resolving to limit my activities to the service side of the bar in future.

Most of the boisterous behaviour took place after midnight. Often it was impossible to clear the saloon until two or three in the morning. At one time the wives of the district became so discontented at seldom seeing their husbands that they petitioned the police sergeant in the nearest town, Gordonvale, to close the bars at the official time—10 p.m.

At one time I took firm action and banned the most persistent scrapper from the premises for a fortnight. Immediately the customers



Snell's first job was mustering sheep on this five thousand acre farm. After a row with the boss he and his wife moved on

On Orpheus, a tropical island, the Snells ran a fishing chalet. Molly, left, cooked for thirty on a stove on the beach

formed two camps, some for, some against the culprit.

One lot sneaked bottles out to him; the others threatened to withdraw their custom if he came in again. There were fights almost every night until the matter was forgotten.

When the rain was due at Aloomba droves of little black bugs swarmed into the saloon. If they were squashed they gave off an appalling smell. In the morning, while we swept them up, a squad of toads sat in a half-circle round the veranda waiting to eat them.

Indoors there were flying ants, mosquitoes and sticky green frogs which climbed the walls. Outside were flying foxes, which fed on the fruit trees, bandicoots (rat-like marsupials) and snakes.

Aloomba was typical of the Australia which Molly and I discovered in its lack of resemblance to anything that we had read about in the immigration brochures before leaving England. Standing on board the immigrant ship, New

Australia, three years ago, watching Sydney docks draw alongside, my concept of the new life was romantic.

We were still in our early thirties, and had contracted out of the tight-knit life of provincial England in favour of the outback, freedom, excitement. . . .

"How do you feel," I asked Molly, "now we're at the start of the trail?"

"Not too good."

Within a few hours she was down with flu. We spent our first week in Australia—and almost every penny we had with us—at a large hotel in the city.

Subdued, we took a train to Armidale, New South Wales, and hit the road west to a sheep station (a cluster of wooden buildings surrounded by five thousand rock-strewn acres, four thousand feet above sea-level) where, we had been told, hands were needed.

Molly, who had won horse-riding trophies in

Continued on page 30



Hammerton's home was his castle. He wanted no
rollicking Irish invaders...and there wasn't even room
for a beautiful damsel in distress

BY MARGUERITE MURRAY

Love your neighbour

THE moment Edward Hammerton turned into Dryden Place of an evening, on his way back from the office, his whole appearance underwent a subtle change. His naturally firm mouth contracted into a disapproving knot, his nose quivered as if it detected some unpleasant smell, and his well-marked grey eyebrows drew together. As he walked between the tall, narrow, mid-Victorian houses—most of them badly in need of a coat of paint—he put his feet down as if he were picking his way through a garbage-strewn slum.

When he reached his own gate, on this particular evening in late June, he paused, his disapproving expression darkening into a scowl. A child's pink woolly toy, battered and grubby, lay half-on, half-off the step. Edward, stooping rather stiffly, picked it up between finger and thumb and dropped it over the wall of the adjoining house. Then he climbed the steps to his own front door.

"I'm back, Louie," he called out.

"I'm in the kitchen, Edward." Louise was busy at the kitchen table, preparing something for supper. "Hallo, dear," she said. "Have you had a good day?"

"M'm. Not too bad." It was their regular evening interchange. As senior partner in a city accountancy firm, Edward's days were usually fairly good ones. "But, I say, Louie. . . ." The memory of his latest grievance came flooding back. "What d'you think I found on the front step when I came in just now? Some filthy toy belonging to one of those little horrors from that rabbit warren next door."

"Darling, how do you *know* it belonged to one of them?" There was a protesting note in Louise's voice. "Did you recognize it?"

"No, of course I didn't." He snatched his

evening paper out of his pocket with an indignant rustle. "Do you imagine I keep an inventory of that family's repulsive personal property? But I'd like to know who else. . . ."

"It might have belonged to anyone." Louise sounded almost hurt. "You're always so hard on the MacTaggartes, Edward."

Edward didn't answer. He subsided with a grunt into the basket chair in the corner and barricaded himself behind the evening paper.

He and Louise had never seen eye to eye about the MacTaggartes. To Edward they were the concentrated essence of the road's decay: eight of them, father, mother and six children, crammed on to two floors of a four-storey house, the whole of which, in the old days, had been considered only reasonably adequate for an elderly married couple and their spinster daughter.

Now the place bulged and groaned with humanity. And such humanity! Loud-voiced, slovenly, feckless; their home a fitting reflection of themselves, with dirty windows and dirtier window curtains, its gate hanging loose on its hinges and its front door crying out for a lick of paint. Edward had never disliked or resented anyone as he disliked and resented the MacTaggartes.

His dislike and resentment reached fever-pitch when he was in his garden.

Edward's garden was his pride and joy. But the MacTaggartes had spoiled that. How could you admire your dahlias rising scarlet and gold and crimson against the southern fence, when at the same time your eye was forcibly brought into contact with an unruly line of MacTaggartey washing? How could you enjoy a peaceful siesta on your lawn on a summer Sunday afternoon when your slumbers might at any moment be shattered by a powerful Western Irish brogue

calling from a ground-floor window, or the shrieks of the younger MacTaggartes disporting themselves in their wilderness of weeds.

After a while, Edward had given up protesting. He concentrated his energies on keeping the weeds down and trying to pretend the MacTaggartes weren't there. It wasn't easy, and there were moments when he thought wistfully of retirement and a rose-covered cottage in the country: but neither he nor Louise really liked the country, and he didn't want to retire yet, anyway.

Nor did he see why he should allow the MacTaggartes, or any other of the Dryden Place riff-raff, to drive him out of his house. It was, after all, his: the only one in the whole road that had not been turned into flats. Edward was inordinately proud of this fact. When he shut the door on the outside world, he could still enjoy the complete freedom and absolute privacy of a medieval baron, barricaded within his castle. . . .

"Dearest," said Louise, as they sat cosily together at the table after their evening meal. "there's something I want to talk to you about. Do you know, I'm beginning to find this house awfully big to run, all by myself."

Edward felt as if someone had opened a window and let in a draught of cold air. He said sharply, "Too big? But my dear girl, you have Mrs. Parsons three times a week."

"Mrs. Parsons is shockingly expensive and she isn't a particularly good worker and sometimes she doesn't even bother to turn up. And if somebody offered her more money she'd be off like a shot. Most charwomen are like that nowadays. I'd far rather do without her if I could."

"Yes, but you can't." Edward objected. "You can't possibly. I should never dream of allowing. . . ."

"I know you wouldn't, dear." Louise's smile



Mary was the last person Edward wanted to call, but there was nobody else. She came at once and bent over Louise. "I'll stay right beside her," Mary said, "while you go and send for the doctor"

ILLUSTRATED BY
FANCETT



For taste
and flavour

Give me

BACHELOR TIPPED

THEY'RE GOOD-VERY GOOD!

10 FOR 1/8 20 FOR 3/4

b.c. 67h

EXTRA! 16-PAGE PULL-OUT KNITTING BOOKLET

with 12 new designs for all the family is the highspot of MOTHER's September number. There are polo-necked sweaters for husband and wife, boy-or-girl's winter dressing gown, fair isle jumpers for girls, teenage daughter's chequered sweater and two gay caps, baby's dress and three-piece set, and a delightful evening jumper. This wonderfully complete knitting booklet, and crowds more exclusives—including a bargain pattern for a child's coat—make MOTHER's September Number a big-value buy. It's bound to sell out quickly so GET YOUR COPY NOW!

MOTHER

The Magazine of Happy Marriage

OUT FRIDAY, 29th AUGUST-1/3

8% Transfer
your
go-slow
cash...

to this safe, shrewd, go-ahead investment...
8% on Bank Deposit Accounts!
7½% without tax deduction,

on Fixed-Term Bank Deposits!
Industrial Banking gives you excellent security, highest interest rates, easy withdrawal facilities.

Send for free Brochure D today from:-

Director of Deposits,
FEDERAL CONSOLIDATED
INVESTMENTS LIMITED
180 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4



was affectionate and grateful. "That's why I couldn't help thinking it might be a good idea if we turned the top floor into a flat."

There was a sudden silence. Edward looked at his wife as if she were somebody he didn't know very well. "Nonsense," he said. "Utter nonsense. It would cost the earth."

"No, dear," Louise shook her head. It dawned on Edward, with an unpleasant clarity, that she had been giving considerable thought to this matter. "We'd hardly have to have anything done to it at all. There's a perfectly good bathroom, and three other nice, big rooms—we could have one of them fitted up as a kitchen and what more could anyone want? It's not as if we used that floor."

"That's not the point," Edward strove to keep his temper. "The point is, our privacy would be gone. We've never had strangers in our home, Louie. If it's too much for you, then we'll shut half of it up."

"But that would be selfish, Edward," Louise's blue eyes looked at him reproachfully. "When there are so many people who can't find anywhere to live. Especially young married couples..."

"Young married couples?" Edward stared at her as if she had gone mad. "Louie, you're not proposing to let off part of this house to a young married couple? You don't know what you're letting yourself in for. They'd drive us mad. Parties till all hours. Squalling babies."

"Babies don't always squall, darling. Jim didn't." Jim was their son, married now and working in Canada. "And all young people don't want to

BORROWING—1

The human species is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow and the men who lend.

Charles Lamb

give riotous parties. I think it would work out beautifully. They could use the back staircase, so they'd be quite self-contained, and we needn't even see them unless we felt like it."

"You'd feel like it," Edward stared down at the table. The foundations of his castle were heaving beneath him, undermined by treachery from within. "You always feel like seeing people. They'd be on top of us the whole time." He looked up at her suddenly, struck by a cold fear that he had not plumbed the full depths of the betrayal. "Have you anyone in mind?"

"Yes." All at once, her face was very tender, as if she knew what this must be costing him. "A poor young girl who wants desperately to be married, and can't find anywhere to live. Mary MacTaggart." ...

Keep calm, Edward told himself. He fixed his eyes on a small stain on the tablecloth and counted up to twenty. Then, feeling he had himself in hand, he turned and faced Louise.

"Don't be absurd, Louie," he said. "You know quite well I wouldn't have any of that family inside the house. You're talking nonsense, dear."

Admirable. He was really quite gratified at his own self-control. At the same time, he was aware of a sharp and bitter pain—pain that she, who loved him, could have contemplated anything so utterly alien to his wishes.

He went on: "I thought you understood."

"I do understand, Edward," He had never seen her look more grave, more earnest. "You know your happiness means more to me than almost anything in the world." Why almost? he thought, indignantly. "But I can't bear the thought of a young couple aching to get married, and not able to because they can't find a home. Mary's such a nice girl. So clean and quiet and neat—not a bit like the rest of her family. And so pathetically grateful when I suggested—"

"Suggested?" Cold horror took hold

of Edward. "You don't mean to tell me you've actually been discussing..."

"Of course, dear," She seemed surprised at his obtuseness. "How else do you think I'd have known she wanted to get married? We often have a chat, when she's out in the garden hanging up the washing, and I'm cutting flowers for the house. Her young man's an insurance agent, and naturally they can't afford big premiums or a lot of money for expensive fittings, and they're miles down on the list for a council flat."

"Then let them wait till they get to the top." Edward found that his hands were shaking. "Louie, have you gone out of your mind? Do you realize what it'll mean, if we have that girl here? It'll mean that before we can turn round we shall have the whole tribe crawling all over us, morning, noon and night."

"No, dear, no," Louise laid a reassuring hand on his. "It won't, really. I've talked to Mary about all that. She's promised not to let them be a nuisance. Oh, Edward," her voice grew pleading, "let me ask her in here so that you could talk to her yourself."

"No!" Furiously, he flung off her hand and brought his own, clenched into a fist, crashing down on to the table. "I won't have anything to do with her. How dare you suggest such a thing? The whole idea is utterly outrageous."

"Oh, Edward, please. It's the only really big thing I've ever asked you to do for me... please, please, don't be cruel and unkind."

"I'm not being cruel, Louie." He relented a little, patting her hand: moved, in spite of his anger, at her tears. "I'm being sensible. You wouldn't enjoy having that girl here any more than I would. We're too old... too settled... too used to being on our own."

"You may be, Edward, but I'm not." She was in control of herself again, but her face was still desperately unhappy. "You don't know how I miss Jim, how I long to see my grandchildren sometimes. I'd adore to have children in the house."

"Jim's children, perhaps. Not that girl's!" He rose abruptly, determined to bring an end to the conversation. "Louie, I've said my last word on this subject. If you've any affection for me at all, please don't mention it again."

He told himself, in the weeks which followed, that he had acted wisely and firmly. Once Louie had got over her disappointment on the MacTaggart girl's behalf, she would see it, too. At present, she was still a little hurt with him. She did not realize, he thought bitterly, what he had preserved her from. A house over-run with crazy Irish hooligans: dirt, squakor, the everlasting sound of loud, uncontrolled voices: all peace, happiness and comfort at an end.

Fitting his key into the lock one evening early in August, he felt more than usually conscious of the warmth and comfort which, despite Louie's little disappointment, still waited for him within. He had been right to defend his citadel against the invaders.

"I'm back, Louie," he called.

He listened, as he always did, while he hung up his hat and coat, for her answering voice. But to his surprise, it did not come. Such a thing was unheard of: she made a point of being within earshot at this time of the evening; she would never dream of going out without letting him know. He emerged from the cupboard into the hall, and called again.

"Hi! Louie! I'm home."

The silence of the house was uncanny. He went quickly down the passage to the kitchen, but it was empty: there was no sign of preparation for supper on the table. Half-perturbed, half-angry, he swung up the passage again to the other ground-floor rooms, the drawing-room, the dining-room, both chilly with the unwelcoming of rooms rarely used; their emptiness infuriated him. He stormed out and up the stairs, his mind forming sharp sentences with which to castigate

Louise when he found her. He would let her know she couldn't treat him like this. He would. . . .

He stopped dead.

Louis was lying in a huddled heap outside the door of their bedroom, completely still.

He did not know if it were a minute or a thousand years that he stood there, staring down at her.

Then, slowly, because he found quick movement impossible, he moved forward, dropped on his knees beside her and felt under her cardigan and her blouse for her heart. When he found it still beating, his immediate relief was so great that he almost wept. But the feeling soon passed. Louise's face was terrifyingly white and lifeless, her body as limp as a dead bird's. And Edward hadn't the faintest idea what he should do.

Through the landing window he heard the sound of a female voice, calling to somebody in the next-door garden. It was one of the MacTaggartes. Even in that moment of stress, he hesitated, hating to turn to them for assistance: but Louise's white, still face decided him. He scrambled awkwardly to his feet and flung up the window.

"Mrs. MacTaggartey! Is that you?"

"No, Mr. Hammerton, it's me, Mary. Was it Mother you were wanting?"

Damn! It was the girl. Edward was aware of sharp, angry embarrassment. Of all the awkward situations. . . .

But this was no time to think of awkwardness. He leaned towards her.

"My wife's ill. I need help. Can you come?"

MARY came at once. She was small and fair, with none of her mother's wild, faded magnificence—only the traditional Irish rose-petal skin and black-lashed blue eyes. She bent over Louise with little, anxious crooning sounds.

"Ah, the poor darling! The poor lamb. . . . See, she's beginning to stir now. Just you help me on to the bed with her, Mr. Hammerton, and I'll stay right beside her while you send for the doctor."

Dr. Smith said Louise had a tired heart. He looked severely at Edward as he was showing him out of the front door.

"Been overdoing it, I suppose. Running this barrack of a house all by herself."

Edward felt a sharp stab of guilt. "We—we did have a woman—until recently. But Louise sacked her."

"H'm." The monosyllabic sound spoke volumes. "Well, you'll have to manage on your own for the next few weeks, your good lady is going to stay in bed, doing nothing—nothing—till I give her the word."

Climbing the stairs to his and Louise's bedroom, Edward felt sick with anxiety and shame. It was his fault. If he had agreed to turn the top floor into a flat, when Louise had asked him, this would never have happened. And now. . . . Remorse washed over him. He felt like a monster of neglect and selfishness.

Her wan face, and the loving smile she gave him as he went into the room, smote his heart afresh. "Edward, dear." Her voice was so faint he had to bend over her to catch the words. "You look so worried. . . ."

"I'm all right." He had never felt less all right in his life, but above all things Louise must not be upset. "No need to bother about me. Just you rest."

"I can't rest till I've talked to you." She slid a hand out of bed and took hold of his. "Listen, dear. Mary is going to look after you. She offered to, without my saying a word, while you were downstairs with Dr. Smith. She's going to give up her job—it's in a café and she hates it—and come here to us. Of course we'll have to make it worth her while, but we can afford it, Edward, can't we?"

"Of course." He would have said they could have afforded the moon, at that moment, if she had wanted it. "I'll pay her whatever you think right."

"I knew you would." She sank back on her pillows with a contented sigh. "Now I shall feel you're being looked



"Describe it"

after. And Mary is such a nice girl. I'm convinced you'll like her just as much as I do when you get to know her."

Edward was not convinced of anything of the sort. If he had got to have Mary MacTaggartey in his house, he had got to have her, but he did not expect to enjoy the experience. He prepared to offer up, on the altar of Louise's peace of mind, weeks of dirty rooms, unwashed dishes, and indigestion.

And Mary gave Edward the surprise of his life.

That very first evening, she made him a supper which even Louise—who was a first-class cook—could not have bettered. The kitchen table was neatly laid for one, and as soon as she had set his plate in front of him she made for the door. "I'll just be fetching Mrs. Hammerton's tray down, and then I'll leave you in peace. If you put the dirty dishes in the sink, I'll do them in the morning."

In the morning she was there promptly at eight to get his breakfast, and at night an excellent supper awaited him in a spotless house. Edward found it oddly disconcerting. It was one thing to make a martyr of oneself for one's wife's sake, but it was quite another to find oneself lapped in comfort. Especially when the comfort was supplied by a girl who—if one was honest with oneself—one had prevented getting married.

He did not like to think of that. But, as the days went by, and the house remained spotless and his meals perfectly cooked—and no other MacTaggartey was allowed to put so much as a nose inside his door—he thought of it more and more. He had behaved rather badly about Mary. Of course—he tried to excuse himself—he had not known what she was like, then; he had only had Louise's word to go upon. Louise, who saw something quaint and interesting and delightful in the very dregs of humanity.

By the dregs of humanity, he meant the various other inhabitants of Dryden Place.

And at this point, as if to abase him still further, the inquiries started. A young housewife, in skin-tight jeans and duffel-coat, stopped him in the

street one morning to ask about Louise's progress.

"I hope you don't mind." She eyed him a little doubtfully. "But we heard she was ill and we were so sorry. She always stops to talk to our baby. She's so sweet."

And there were others. A dark young man with a thick foreign accent and untidy hair who spoke earnestly of the "so charming lady." Two little girls shyly clutching an offer of chrysanthemums.

A shabby young married couple who had stretched what was clearly a not very adequate income to buy a bunch of grapes.

Edward was surprised, touched—and deeply humbled. He felt as if he were looking into a strange new world—a world in which, depressingly enough, everyone appeared to be far nicer than himself.

What was worse, all these nice people were afraid of him. He could tell that, by the way they looked at him while they inquired after Louise. Once, this knowledge would have given him a certain grim satisfaction—he would have called it, "keeping them in their place": now it filled him with shame, even sorrow. And there seemed no way to make amends. He did not know how to talk to babies, or little girls, housewives or dark young foreigners: they were outside his orbit and he did not know what to say to them.

Then one day, as he waited in the kitchen for Mary to give him his supper, he saw something he could do. Something he should have done long ago. He put down his paper and looked across at Mary, busy at the stove.

"Mary," he said. "How would you like to get married and live on our top floor?"

For a moment she went on frying. Then she turned, slowly, and looked at him.

"Do what, Mr. Hammerton?"

He repeated the question. She regarded him gravely, her blue eyes darkening.

"I wouldn't do it, Mr. Hammerton. It wouldn't be fair to you. A gentleman like you likes his house to himself."

"No I don't." He realized that she

must be quoting Louise. "You've been very good to me over these last weeks, Mary, and I—"

"You've paid me for it, Mr. Hammerton." She spoke with dignity. "You've no cause to do anything more for me. I'm glad enough to look after you and Mrs. Hammerton, but I'll not have you spoil your life out of gratitude."

"But it's not gratitude, Mary." His temper was fraying again. "I want you here. I admit I didn't like the idea when Mrs. Hammerton first suggested it to me, but that was long ago, before I knew you."

"You'd regret it, Mr. Hammerton." She turned her back on him. "Aside from everything else; marriage means babies, and you don't want babies in the house when you're getting on. You'll oblige me by not mentioning the matter again."

It was like having the ashes of his repentance thrown back in his face. He did not know what to do next. He could not talk the matter over with Louise, as he had always talked things over in the past, for she was still an invalid—though much better—and must not be worried. He felt frustrated and miserable.

Then one Saturday morning, when he had had to go into the office, he was walking broodingly back between the tall, shabby houses when he saw the two small girls who had given Louise the chrysanthemums digging in their front garden.

Their spades were nearly as big as themselves and it was as much as they could do even to scratch the surface of the hard earth.

Edward watched them for a moment. Then he said: "That's hard work, isn't it?"

They looked up like startled kittens and eyed him shyly.

"We—we want to do it as a surprise for Daddy," one of them said. "He meant to do it himself, but then he got ill and had to go to hospital. And we thought if we could get it all done before he got back. . . ."

"When does he get back?" asked Edward.

"Next week." Their faces lit, then dimmed. "But we're not getting on very fast."

"Would you like me to help you?" Edward said.

"Oh!" He could see the struggle going on inside them, the desire to achieve victory on their own warring with the overwhelmingness of the odds against them. At length: "It's very kind of you. If—if you're sure it's not too much trouble."

Nothing had ever been less trouble. It was, Edward assured them, a pleasure.

BUT what he hadn't bargained for was that it proved the Open Sesame to the hearts of the rest of Dryden Place. Word got about that Mrs. Hammerton's husband, who had always looked so cross, was really as kind as she was—and a gardening expert, too. Inquiries after Louise's health were interspersed with earnest queries as to what to do about last year's gladioli bulbs, or when to put in a new rose tree.

But it was Mary who clinched the triumph. She said casually, as Edward came into the kitchen for his supper one evening: "Is that offer you made me about the top floor still open, Mr. Hammerton?"

Edward paused. She was sliding a savoury-smelling omelet on to his plate, not looking at him. He bit his lip to restrain a smile. "Certainly, Mary," he said. "You've changed your mind, then?"

"I thought maybe you wouldn't mind a baby or two about the place, after all."

She pushed his plate across the table towards him. "Mrs. Hammerton was telling me you never see your grandchildren, and it must be a sad loss to you. Everyone should have grandchildren. They keep you young."

"Of course they do," said Edward. "My wife and I will be so pleased, I'll go and tell her as soon as I've finished my supper."

THE END

© Marguerite Murray, 1958

IN SHORT



Other People's Letters

Owing to my absence from home I did not receive your telegram till late last night. I at once wired to you: "Most profoundly grateful but feel I must not accept." This morning I see an announcement of the knighthood and wired you again: "Wired you on receiving your telegram last night that I could not accept knighthood I see it announced this morning am most sorry acceptance would be contrary to all my feeling and conviction must therefore persist in refusal and await your kind correction in the press."

I am indeed grieved to appear churlish towards so kind a thought, or priggish for refusing what is given to, and accepted by, much better men. But I have long held and expressed the conviction that men who strive to be artists in Letters, especially those who attempt criticism of life and philosophy, should not accept titles.

Who wrote the above letter? See foot of last column.

Foreign Affairs

After driving for sixty miles from Dallas, Texas, Colonel Robert Collins, on holiday, picked up a special announcement on his car radio. "Colonel Collins, your wife is in Dallas at the service station." The news shocked the colonel. He thought she was sleeping in the back of the car.

Willy Croonen, a van driver in the Dutch town of Afferden, believed children were responsible for continually letting down his tyres until he spotted the real culprits—a pair of geese. The birds pecked out the valves and fanned themselves in the stream of escaping air.

An employee on the Savannah, Georgia, railway, summoned for jury duty, asked to be excused. "I suppose," said the judge, "you are one of those fellows the railway cannot do without?" "No, sir," answered the railwayman. "They could get along without me, but I don't want them to find out."

Real Gone

There's this about
The teenage crowd:
They like their music
Good and loud.

But I'm not hep.
I lack the knack.
It sends me, but
I don't come back.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Good Old Days

Mabel, you know that cinema that used to be a church?

Yes, Dora.

Well, they're turning it into a warehouse. Seems a crime, doesn't it?

Yes, I always liked that place. Cosy like. Of course, it didn't have the screen going right round the walls—

I liked the old silent films, didn't you? Remember the screeching noise the orchestra used to make when a lady's dress was torn off?

And those songs they used to make us sing—you know, with the verse on the screen and a little white ball bouncing from word to word to keep time.

And I loved the sub-titles, too. Ever so witty, some of them were.

Mind you, they sometimes left them up a bit too long. You didn't really need ten seconds to read "Help! Help!"

I even liked queueing. I always say you don't appreciate a film so much when you just go straight in and sit down, like people do now.

And they knew how to make love in those days.

Do you mean on the screen or in the back stalls?

On the screen, I mean. But since you mention the back stalls, I think it's disgraceful the way young people behave there nowadays. They spend all their time eating ice-cream and peanuts.

Remember the old Albion before they put tip-up seats in? They had a pusher-up in the gallery—he went along the benches on Saturday nights and made people sit closer together.

That was how Mrs. Robinson met her husband. She always says she had him pushed on to her.

There was never a dull moment, was there? What with boys crawling up under the seats from the four-pennies, and the man going down the aisles squirting that heavenly disinfectant. . . .

And the manager coming out from behind the curtains to ask people to leave if they'd seen the programme twice. Always got a laugh, he did.

And nowadays they can't get people in to see the programme once. . . .

E. S. TURNER

When The Sun Shines

It rains
When cricketers play
If farmers make hay
When people hold fêtes
On open-air dates
When Beauties are Queened
And cars have been cleaned
Before livestock are quartered
After gardens are watered
But when *nothing* is done
Out comes the Sun!

VICTOR J. WADE

The letter in the preceding column was written by John Galsworthy to the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, in 1918.

Starke's Holiday Guide Book



"The cathedral is something not to be missed on any account. Its beautifully carved arches are a triumph of Gothic craftsmanship"



I'm glad I lost football's toughest job

by EDDIE LEVER

As a teacher Lever earns half
his former income, but he
and his wife are happier

ONE Christmas day when I was manager of Portsmouth Football Club, the team and I were spending the night in a London hotel before playing Derby County the next day. Most of us would rather have been at home, but the train schedule would not allow that.

With us was Vernon Stokes, a director of the club, in business life the deputy head of a chain of holiday camps. Together we worked out a plan to stop the team from getting depressed.

When they were in bed, I went round to their rooms and bullied them into thinking that Father Christmas would be coming that night. A bit sheepishly, they all found their red football stockings and hung them up.

Then, through the doors of each bedroom in turn, came Stokes, dressed as a Santa Claus, with a pillow-case full of presents—cigarettes, chocolates, and so on. Next day the team won.

I wish that managers and directors could always work together so happily. Often it is an edgy, squabbling relationship which ends in divorce, with hard feelings on both sides. I always regarded the directors of Portsmouth as my friends. But at the end of last season, they abruptly dismissed me.

I am never going back to football. Today I have a job as mathematics master at a new school just outside Portsmouth.

Since the end of the war more than 350 football managers have resigned, been dismissed, or died in office.

Only two managers in the country, Matt

When a team is on the slide, soccer's bosses have one time-honoured remedy—get rid of the manager

Busby of Manchester United and Billy Walker of Nottingham Forest, are still in the jobs which they held in 1946.

Like most discarded managers, I lost my job because Portsmouth were not winning enough matches. My first four years with the club were successful. We were around the middle of the league for the first two years. Then plans on which the team and I had been working together began to succeed. We finished joint runners-up with Wolverhampton Wanderers in 1954-55.

But for the last two seasons the team finished near the bottom, and at times looked in danger of relegation. The drop was mainly because two key players had left—Len Phillips, the half-back, who injured his knee training for England, and Duggie Reid, who retired.

There were some astonishing strokes of bad luck attached to our failures. I sat in the manager's box watching Portsmouth attack again and again in our match against Manchester City towards the end of the 1956-57 season. At least six times I thought we were certain to score, but Bert Trautmann, their goalkeeper, stopped every shot.

Then Manchester made one of their rare moves

into our half of the field. Tom McGhee, one of our full-backs, jabbed at the ball to clear. It spun off a Manchester forward's foot and swerved six feet to finish in the back of the net.

In March, 1957, against Luton, a winning goal was first allowed by the referee—then disallowed when he decided it had gone through a hole in the side-net. We played Chelsea and lost a point because of an extraordinary goal.

After what looked like a foul on McGhee—the linesman was flagging—someone in the crowd blew a whistle. The players all stopped, and Chelsea's Johnny McNichol casually side-footed the ball into the net. The referee allowed the goal—a correct but heartbreaking decision.

After six games without a win some of the players began to think that they would never score again.

As I was certain that the players were physically fit, I ordered cars for them to be driven out of Portsmouth to play golf. Before every match I put on my most confident manner and talked with them, encouraging them.

When the team's fortune's were at their lowest, I myself was given a much-needed boost of confidence. At that time Guy Spriggs, a

dapper, brisk-mannered dental surgeon in his forties, was chairman of the board of directors.

After the team had lost for the sixth time, he told me at the Tuesday night "inquest": "Don't worry, Eddie. The team has been playing good football even if it hasn't been winning. We're not the sort who fire staff unnecessarily. Take it from me, whatever happens, your contract will be renewed."

Not long afterwards our luck changed as suddenly as I had hoped. We began our three Easter games at the bottom of the league table, looking certain to be relegated, but we won all three matches.

Last season the problems were slightly different. Our home record was good enough—we gained twenty-six points out of a possible forty-two. But some gremlin seemed to take hold of the team once it left Portsmouth—we took only five points out of forty-two.

It was the only time in six years I felt that some players were not trying. In private I talked to them angrily. It did not work. So I dropped them from the team in away matches—but the reserves were not quite of high enough quality.

Finally, in desperation, I sent the whole team on five days holiday to Scarborough, and told Jimmy Dickinson, the captain, not to let them touch a football for five days. They came to the Sunderland game fresh and gained their first point away from home in three months.

We made ourselves safe from relegation. Then, in the last match of all, we lost 2-0 at home to Sunderland while I was away at Walsall watching a young centre-half play. On the following Monday evening, at the dinner given by the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth to the club, the directors and I publicly praised the team for the way that it had tried to play.

On Tuesday morning I was at work as usual when the new chairman of the directors, Jack Sparshatt, came

into my small, barely furnished office.

He is a rich local motor body builder in his forties, with an abrupt, brusque manner which gives the impression that his words are the final ones to be spoken on any subject. He was a good deal more subdued that morning. He sat down uncomfortably in a chair beside me and, with hardly any preliminaries, told me: "Sorry, Eddie, but we've decided the only thing to do is to have a change of manager."

I was dazed. It was the worst moment of my life. Without knowing why, I insisted on attending the board meeting that night.

The board meeting is the key to practically every league club's success or failure. It is at the heart of a manager's peculiar difficulties, which start with the fact that the word "club" is nonsense. Nearly all clubs are limited liability companies with shareholders who elect a board of directors, who in turn hire the manager, trainer and players.

Unfortunately the directors do not carry this system to its logical conclusion and run the club solely to make money. If they did, my last season might have been regarded as successful—we had an increased gross attendance of 60,000 people over the previous year.

Instead men become directors of football clubs largely because of the prestige it gives them. The directors' prestige depends on a successful run in either the League or the F.A. cup competition. So long as this happens the manager is generally allowed to get on with his job without interference.

But as soon as the team starts losing the directors begin to think of cures of their own. At Portsmouth there used to be at least one director at every Saturday match played by our four teams—first team, combination league team, "A" team and junior team. Usually one or two players had a particularly good afternoon, and became, in the minds of the directors, the answer to all our problems.

Every Sunday morning I met the

trainers, one of whom also goes along with each team, found out what they thought, and mapped out a programme for the week. By Tuesday evening I was ready to present my team to the board of directors.

There the clashes of opinion come into the open. Almost every football fan, including a director, thinks he can pick a better team than the expert.

At Portsmouth, board meetings were calmer. There were seven directors. Besides Stokes, Spriggs and Sparshatt, there were Dennis Collett, an estate agent; Alfred Blake, the present Lord Mayor of Portsmouth; Sidney Leverett, aged eighty-three, one of the oldest directors of any league club; and Dr. Ian McLachlan, the only member of the board who had played football of any reasonable standard—as an amateur with Blyth Spartans and Queens Park.

ALTHOUGH they had all been with the club at least five years, they could not have been expected to have my detailed knowledge about the players.

Every day I saw the players train. They brought me private troubles which I knew were affecting their play.

During one season the form of one player was incomprehensibly bad: only I knew that his marriage looked like breaking up.

I had to travel to watch players whom my scouts recommended. Last year I bought Derek Dougan, an Irishman who went with his team to the World Cup in Sweden, and Sammy Chapman, one of the leading goal-scorsers in the Third Division North.

During last season I agreed to the directors' suggestion to play Brian Carter, aged eighteen, in the first team. He was a success and played regularly afterwards. But many players are pushed into the tough competition of First Division football too young.

Two evenings a week, I used to supervise the coaching of players of seventeen and eighteen who were in our minor teams, hoping that they would turn into top-class players. I hope that

one, David Joyce, a local seventeen-year-old, will soon be in senior football.

I tried to keep a balance in my relationship with the players: familiar enough to invite confidences and give encouragement, distant enough to impose discipline. Today the tendency seems to be to lessen the authority of the manager.

Sheffield Wednesday and Fulham now have a general manager handling the business side and a team manager in a comparatively junior position.

For the sake of football, I would prefer the relationship the other way around. I would like ex-players regularly elected to the board of directors.

Most managers are at present with their clubs too short a time to prove or disprove their ability. Five years should be the minimum length of contract. The Association of Secretary-Managers, a weak organization at present, should insist on clubs employing managers on these terms.

Whatever changes there may be, I am never going back to football. At Fratton Park, where Portsmouth play, I used to watch the managers of visiting teams. Some, like me, looked calm. At least seven, to my knowledge, had stomach ulcers.

I do not regret my years in football, and I shall miss the hundreds of friends I made. I earned at Fratton Park almost twice what I do as a teacher. I enjoyed travelling. Soccer is a game which I shall always love.

But on a fine sunny day about three months after I lost my job, I weighed myself on a sea-front machine. I had put on seven pounds. I looked at my face in the mirror above, and some of the wrinkles had gone. I was forty-seven and I was not in the least bitter about the end of my soccer career.

Before the war, when I was a teacher, a boy called Jimmy Dickinson was in my class. He was later capped nearly fifty times for England, and captained Portsmouth while I was manager. Perhaps, as a teacher again, I shall find more like him.

THE END

Does work make you sick?

Continued from page 10

gravestones. "You may not be writing your own epitaph," he said, "but you are well advanced towards signing your own death warrant."

The mason changed his methods, but in 1956 in England and Wales 2,376 men died from fibrosis of the lungs. More than half of them were coal-miners.

A disease called hatter's shakes was for years the scourge of the felt hat industry. Men treating rabbits' fur or sheep's wool with mercuric nitrate to turn it into hatters' fur breathed in mercury vapour or absorbed it through the skin.

They developed uncontrollable tremors of the fingers, eyelids, lips, tongue, hands and feet, or became depressed, had hallucinations and showed signs of mania. From this was derived the now-familiar phrase "mad as a hatter."

The biggest hatters' fur-making factory in Britain, at Croydon, hasn't had a case of mercurialism for twenty-five years.

A few years ago, however, a detective sergeant of the fingerprint staff of Lancashire police became embarrassed when asked to give evidence in court. Soon he was a nervous wreck. Six other officers developed tremors.

Dr. John Agate, a research worker in industrial medicine, found that the sergeant had been healthy and self-assured until, after moving to fingerprints, he investigated three hundred crimes a year for three years.

Agate decided that the officers were victims of a powder made of chalk and metallic mercury which they dusted on objects at the scene of a crime with a squirrel-hair or camel-hair brush. He suggested that exposure to the powder

should be limited to only 250 hours a year.

About two thousand diseases can at times be traced to occupational risks. Serious cramps affect miners, but also writers, money-counters, clarinettists and workers in about fifty occupations which involve making ten or more quick repetitive movements a second.

Swellings caused by pressure on overworked parts of the anatomy are not without reason variously known as housemaid's knee, miner's elbow (shared by students and bricklayers), dustman's shoulder and weaver's bottom.

Flat feet are endemic to head waiters who spend their days on plushy carpets; wine waiters, publicans and cellar-men have more than their share of cirrhosis of the liver. Boiler-makers and heavy-forge operators are so often deaf that partial deafness is accepted

by employers as some proof of previous experience.

Men who make or handle nitroglycerine, cordite and dynamite sometimes get severe headaches on Monday mornings following the weekend break, when their tolerance to fumes is low.

Before security in factories was tightened up, chronic sufferers smuggled cordite home for the weekend or rubbed nitro into their caps. They escaped headaches on Monday but their families had them on Saturday and Sunday.

Fourteen industrial diseases have to be reported to the factories inspectorate when they occur. Phossy jaw, a dreadful disfiguring disease in many countries before the use of white phosphorus in matches was banned, is now unknown in Britain. Lead poisoning—plumbism—has been reduced from 3,600 cases in 1900 to forty-nine in

1956 when only one man, a seventy-year-old painter of dockside buildings, died from the disease.

In 1955 a committee was set up by the Minister of Pensions and National Insurance to review the list of forty-two diseases insured by the state as "industrial injuries." Three trade union members wanted bronchitis and rheumatism included, but nine committee members disagreed.

"A man working out of doors," the majority said, "might claim that the climate was the cause of his arthritis; a manager or victim of mental stress might claim for his peptic ulcer or even his neurosis; a labourer might say his heavy work had contributed to premature ageing."

A recent survey suggests that more drivers of London buses than conductors, and more clerks than postmen, have a chance of a first attack of coronary thrombosis in middle age.

But the evidence that jobs involving exercise may be protective against the disease is not conclusive. Diet and other factors may also play a part.

"It is often said," says Dr. Leslie Norman, the chief medical officer of London Transport, "that top business executives have more coronary thrombosis than other people. But reliable figures for executives do not exist. It could be argued that because they have battered their way to the top they must be physically tougher."

The findings of the 1955 committee did not result in an extension to the list of prescribed diseases. Employers, however, must be careful—if only in their own interests—to safeguard the health of their workers.

The owner of a cabinet-making factory in London installed an artificial draught to take fumes from a workroom, then turned it on before heating apparatus he had ordered was available.

A workman exposed to the cold air caught pneumonia, which is not an occupational disease, sued for damages and was awarded £400.

THE END



Is ballet leading your daughter a dance?

It's a chance in a million of her winning fame. And it may vanish with a fall—or a nose that grows too long

by GRAHAM FISHER

BALLET in Britain is booming. Never before have so many girls practised *pliés*, *grands battements* and *ports de bras* so diligently in pursuit of a dream inspired by the success of Margot Fonteyn and Alicia Markova.

Officials of the Royal Academy of Dancing calculate that a quarter of a million girls—and probably more—are studying at ballet classes.

This year, two thousand teachers have entered 35,000 of their more adept pupils for the Academy's "ballet in education" examinations.

The entry list for these examinations has doubled in the past ten years, and, over the same period, Frederick Freed, whose firm makes more than one-third of the ballet shoes sold in Britain, has seen his sales rise from 60,000 to 250,000 pairs a year.

In those ten years ballet has become big business, with tens of thousands of parents paying tuition fees, examination fees (7s. 6d. to 21s.), and buying soft ballet shoes for beginners (15s. 6d. a pair), examination tunics (around 26s.), tights (£1 to £3, according to quality), and "blocks," ballet shoes with stiffened toes which cost about 17s. a pair.

Thousands of ballet schools and dancing academies flourish in Britain. They range from tiny back-street establishments, where small girls are given a once-weekly lesson for a shilling, to the big residential schools, teaching a full educational syllabus as well as ballet, and charging fees in the neighbourhood of sixty or seventy guineas a term.

Supreme among these is the Royal Ballet School, the junior section of which is housed in the elegant surroundings of White Lodge, Richmond Park, where Queen Mary spent her girlhood and where the Duke of Windsor was born. Here, 115 potential ballerinas and twenty small boys spend six hours a day at ordinary lessons and one-and-a-half hours at ballet.

Theoretically, the parents of any child in the ten-eleven age group can apply for their son or daughter to join the school. But a stringent series of auditions, educational and orthopaedic tests results in only thirty or forty acceptances each year.

Girls have been rejected because they were too tall or too stocky, or because their feet were wrong. One small girl was told by her ballet teacher that her nose was the wrong shape.

Fees are high. Boarders will pay £350 a year in future and non-residential pupils £153. But four out of every five pupils receive financial assistance. About thirty county education authorities make substantial grants to parents whose children are accepted by the school. The London County Council, for example, awards six scholarships each year, and Patricia Cox, who is now



Alicia Markova has a word of advice for two ballet students. She took up ballet to cure knock-knees—and became a star



**INSIDE
and
OUTSIDE**

Paint with

NINE ELMS

Protect with

SILICONES

NINE ELMS SILICONISED PAINTS

- Repel moisture
- Resist sunlight
- Go further
- Last longer
- So easily washed

Insist on

**HARD GLOSS
EGGSHELL FINISH
'FAROMAT' (Flat wall paint)**

Send 1/3d. to-day for
"Safeguarding the Home",
Farmiloe's complete manual
on home maintenance to:

T. & W. FARMILOE LTD. (DEPT. D), Rochester Row, Westminster, S.W.1.



a soloist with the Royal Ballet second company, got her start through an L.C.C. scholarship.

Inevitably, there are bad ballet schools in Britain which push their pupils quickly—and sometimes spectacularly—and so get a reputation for flashy success. But early success can mean heartbreak later.

A doctor watching a display in which the girls were dancing on their toes at too young an age was so perturbed that he went home and wrote a complaint: "They will end up with enlarged toe joints, fallen arches, or both."

On the other hand, ballet, correctly taught, can often have beneficial results. When Lilian Alicia Marks, a small girl living in Finsbury Park, complained that her left knee gave way from time to time, her mother took her to a specialist.

"I'm afraid your daughter is knock-kneed and flat-footed," he said, and suggested that the child should wear leg-braces.

The mother protested strongly.

"Well, you could let her take up fancy dancing," she was told.

On the following Saturday Lilian Marks started taking weekly lessons at a dancing school in Palmers Green, and today is famous as Alicia Markova.

Parents send their daughters to ballet classes for a variety of reasons. A four-year-old girl named Peggy Hookham took up ballet because her father did not like the way she slumped about the house. "That child needs deportment," he said.

"That child" is now president of the Royal Academy of Dancing—Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias.

A mother was asked why she sent her two daughters to a dancing class.

"I suppose because I thought they were in some way different from other girls," she replied, vaguely.

Thousands of parents put their daughters to dancing for the same vague reason: because they think they are different. Thousands more do it simply to keep up with the Joneses.

Largely responsible for the current popularity of ballet is the "ballet in education" syllabus, with its series of graded examinations, arranged by the Royal Academy of Dancing. But Frederick Freed also gives television some of the credit, and certainly the rugged masculinity of Russia's male dancers, as seen on television from time to time, has done much to offset the traditional British prejudice that boys who go in for ballet must be "cissies."

Helpful, too, in encouraging ballet for males was the admission of Walter

had she not been so outstanding as a soloist, she would have been too tall for the *corps de ballet*.

A ballerina must be well proportioned, slender without being skinny, possess an instep which is well developed without being too high, a head that is "not too big," a good stage face—"a big nose can jut out tremendously in ballet," says Miss Bedells—and be physically fit. She must also possess that rare gift of "musicality" which no teacher can bestow: a perfect sense of rhythm and an inborn feeling for musical phrasing.

Above all, she must dance for the sheer joy of dancing.

Phyllis Bedells recalls one girl who came to her for training. Her face was wrong, her feet were wrong, her ankles a shade too thick. Moreover, she proposed starting serious training at sixteen, normally far too late. But that girl had a love of ballet which overcame all these failings. Today, she runs the Ballet Guild of Australia.

IDEALLY, serious training should start at about the age of eleven. The Royal Academy of Dancing runs a scholarship scheme under which potential ballerinas between the ages of ten and thirteen are given two free lessons a week at training centres in twelve major cities. Elizabeth Seal, who has since won fame in West End musicals, began her career with one of these five-year scholarships.

Under another scheme, the Leverhulme Trustees make the Academy an annual grant enabling two youngsters to take a three-year course in ballet. Shirley Bishop, who dances with the Royal Ballet second company, Diane Westerman, of the Festival Ballet, and Robert Lunnon, who became ballet-master in Oslo and is now in the United States, all started in this way.

Ballet is a hard master. Normally, it takes five or six years to attain solo seal standard. Many of the pleasures other children take for granted are forbidden. Riding and cycling, because they develop the wrong muscles, are out. So is hockey. Swimming and tennis are kept to a minimum.

Many girls find it too much and give up in despair. For others, the dream of a ballet career fades as they grow too tall or too heavy, develop weaknesses of the knees or feet, or find their temperaments failing.

Standards in ballet are rising, competition is keener, and openings are few. Of the sixty girls who complete their training at the Royal Ballet School each year, only a dozen may be selected for the company. Altogether, there are openings each year for not more than one hundred dancers in Britain's five main companies.

There remain careers in teaching, in musicals and variety, on television, and in Continental cabaret where the taller-than-normal English dancer is in constant demand. But Continental jobs must be considered with caution.

Two young English dancers who were auditioned for European jobs found that they were also expected to act as night club hostesses. Several others have found themselves stranded, penniless, when their show closed.

Even in Britain, Equity warns, there are touring strip shows best avoided. But there are now few opportunities for dancers outside the West End. "Touring musicals are virtually extinct now that so many theatres have closed," an Equity official said.

Members of a *corps de ballet* are paid a minimum of £9 a week, with bonuses according to length of service. In the commercial theatre, a dancer earns an average of £11-£14 a week for a once-nightly show in the West End. Top ballerinas negotiate their own fees, but even these often do not compare with the top salaries paid in other branches of show business.

"No girl should entertain the idea of a career in ballet if her main object is to make money," warns Miss Bedells.

For all except the brilliant few, there is little money in ballet... and a deal of hard work and heartbreak. A girl should take it up, says Phyllis Bedells, only if she wants to "dance to the glory of God."

THE END

BORROWING—2

To know the value of money,
a man has only to borrow.

French Proverb

Davis, the American high jumper, that ballet formed part of his training. Since then, at the request of the high jump and hurdling section of the Amateur Athletic Association, the Royal Academy of Dancing has organized a ballet course for young athletes during the winter months.

A good teacher is quick to tell parents when there seems no future in ballet for their dancing daughters. The quicker the surgery, the less the pain... that is the maxim of Phyllis Bedells, the one-time *prima ballerina* who now acts as a consultant in ballet from her Hampstead home.

Of 35,000 girls taking the "ballet in education" examinations this year, Miss Bedells estimates that not more than a hundred will end up in a first-class ballet company. And the chances of becoming a top ballerina are literally one in a million.

What are the essential qualifications? First, an estimated height, when fully developed, of between five feet two inches and five feet five inches.

Beryl Grey, at five feet seven inches, is an exception. At fifteen she danced the full four acts of *Swan Lake*. But



Vinci and the Indians steer their laden canoe through rapids on the Caura river. Near a waterfall the motor failed, and they drifted helplessly

Into a cannibals' lair— for diamonds

by COUNT ENRICO
BENTIVOGLIO-MIDDLETON

**Friends pleaded, yet still we went on—into
a jewel-rich land guarded by fiendish killers**

OFTEN I had braved rapids, but none as big and angry as these. The River Paragua, forced into a long narrow chasm, turned and twisted over huge jagged rocks. The water plunged, leaped and sped with a steady, furious roar that echoed through the mountains and jungle of Venezuela for miles.

Our lives depended on two frail canoes. I was in the leading one with a fellow-Italian, Alphonso Vinci, and two Indians, who sat amidships, too scared to talk.

Vinci, in the prow, turned to where I crouched at the controls of the outboard motor. "Tell the others to wait while we look for a route," he bellowed. "Watch my hands. I'll guide us."

We were swept forward at a breath-taking pace. Time after time, boulders loomed in front of us. Disaster seemed inevitable, but by

following Vinci's frantic signals I somehow contrived to steer the canoe clear.

We continued for nearly an hour. Then, without warning, the motor cut off.

It couldn't have happened at a worse spot. Near us were some falls, where part of the river fell into a deep crater. Slowly, then faster, we began to slide towards the brink. The Indians screamed in terror.

Water spilled over the side of the canoe. I struggled to start the motor. It roared into life, then spluttered and died again.

Once more I managed to get it going, and once more we battled ahead only to slip back, even nearer the falls, when it stopped.

It was Vinci and the Indians who saved my life. A boulder towered above them. They jumped on to it, taking the rope fastened to the canoe's prow.

A desperate tussle began. Muscles straining, and stumbling for a foothold on the wet slippery rock, they managed to halt the canoe a couple of feet from the edge of the falls.

I was in water up to my knees. Some paddles and food were swept overboard. I made a last



When Middleton met friendly Indians he recruited them as guides. Their presence saved him from attack by hostile tribes

feverish effort to get the motor going and discovered the trouble; I had accidentally left the pressure cap loose.

To my relief, when I tightened it the motor started at once. The canoe spurred forward. Vinci and the Indians jumped aboard.

Ten minutes later we reached the glorious peace of calm water, where we waited for the other canoe to catch up with us. And only then did I notice that I was shaking uncontrollably, with fright. . . .

We were heading, that summer of 1953, for the territory of the Shiriana tribe of Indians.

All over South America, "Shiriana" means savagery, mystery and fear. A bartender serving rum-punch in a Caracas night club knows it just as well as an Indian native setting out to hunt. Our own native guides, of the Taurepan tribe, were scared at the mere mention of the word—so scared that they trembled. The Shiriana, they told us, are fiendish killers. They leap from trees, beat intruders to death and eat the battered remains.

The reputation of these fierce jungle murderers, some of the most primitive people on earth, had intrigued me ever since I had first heard about it, several years previously. Vinci learned of the fearful stories, too, and did some research. He found that the Shiriana territory sprawls along the Brazil-Venezuela border and contains, among other big rivers, the Amazon, Caura and Merevari. As far as was known, no white man had ever seen the Shiriana.

Only one expedition dared to approach their territory. In 1911, an intrepid German named Kok-Grumberg trekked towards it from the south, but on hearing that the Shiriana were in his path, he made for the Atlantic coast.

Our curiosity about the awe surrounding the tribe was, I might add, mixed with a practical interest. The Shiriana territory was said to be rich in diamonds.

VINCI and I were old friends and, we fancied, experienced diamond-hunters. We went to Venezuela just after the war and sieved £25,000-worth. We would have got more, but news of our find leaked out and other prospectors swarmed in from every direction. We soon disposed of much of our fortune on wild spending sprees in Europe.

This time, we were determined to go to such an isolated spot that nobody would pursue us. What could be better for this than the land of the Shiriana?

We decided to make for a savannah deep in the Caura river region. It was a flat open area which we had once spotted from a plane, and looked a promising place for diamonds.

Since we could not count on the local Indians to help us, we searched for additional members for our expedition. Vinci's first choice was Arturo Ekler, a German. He was tall, heavily-built and Teutonic from his fair skin, blue eyes and blond hair to his intense seriousness about everything.

His only disturbing trait from our point of view was his obsession to "go find diamonds." He was determined that at the end of the expedition, which was to last eight months, he would return with a sackful.

Still, he had done jungle travelling, which was one qualification. He was willing to invest £350 in the expedition, which was another.

Two more men were to accompany us. One was Giovanni Rizi, the other Momi Tozini. Both were short and squat and came from the same mountaineering district of Friuli, in northern Italy.

Our plan called for the minimum of luggage, for we intended to live off the jungle as much as possible. Nevertheless, our supplies weighed a ton. The most important items were gifts for the Shiriana—salt, red and white beads, cloth, knives, machetes, mirrors, combs and scissors.

We were again warned about the perils we faced when we were in the outpost town of La Paragua, on the river of the same name.

We arrived at midday. The women

The Shiriana are reputed to be one of the most savage races in the world. When Middleton met them he found a primitive people living off worms, wasps and larvae



were bathing naked on the beach in the middle of the town, and the men were drinking and jigging to sambas blaring from juke boxes.

A strong Guianese named Tiger Foot was on the shore of the river to see us leave the next morning. Our canoes, twenty-foot logs with hollows burned out by the Indians, rode deep, the gunwales barely six inches above the waterline.

Tiger Foot considered this an ill omen, but he seemed even more upset that we planned to invade Shiriana territory. "Why do you want to go so far away?" he screamed as we prepared to push off.

"For diamonds," Ekler replied, with one of his rare smiles. "For diamonds we will go a long way."

"All right!" Tiger Foot exclaimed. "Go where you want, but do not go towards the Shiriana country. Nobody goes there. Why do you not just shoot yourselves if you have lost the desire to live?"

Ekler looked startled. The smiles of Rizi and Tozini faded slightly. Ekler was about to ask Tiger Foot a question when Vinci started our engine in the lead canoe, and Rizi started the motor in the other canoe, containing Tozini and Ekler.

It was just as well. After all, what could anyone say about Shiriana country except that probably it had never been penetrated before by a white man?

Those first few days in the canoes were wearing on the nerves. We had to sit low to prevent tipping over, and our aching legs reminded us that squatting is not a civilised position. The roar of the motors and the spray were unceasing.

For Vinci and I, these were minor sacrifices, a small price to pay for a unique sort of freedom. Both of us had grown to love the jungle. We were where we belonged, home at last.

We pressed ahead cautiously, stopping at a native settlement called Casabe, where we hired six Indians of the Taurepan tribe.

A few days later they overheard Ekler and Tozini talking about our ultimate goal and understood only one word, Shiriana.

That was enough. They said that they were going back home.

After the fright of the rapids, where I was nearly killed, they carried out

their threat. We Europeans went on. A heavy, gloomy silence settled over us as the jungle grew thicker. We camped at the mouth of the Carun river, a tributary that joins the Paragua from the west.

"We believe," said Vinci, mainly for Ekler's benefit, "that a tribe of Sape Indians lives up the Carun. It's vital that we find them and take some of them with us as guides and helpers."

Ekler protested at once. He was annoyed. He had been under the impression that Vinci and I needed no guides. "Besides," he went on, "I thought we brought these two"—he motioned towards Rizi and Tozini—"so that we would not need Indian labour."

"Safe contact between the tribes is more important than labour," Vinci explained. "Which tribesmen we'll encounter next I do not know, but when they meet us, the sight of the Sapes should assure them we are friendly."

Vinci neglected to add that we were staking our lives on this theory.

HE and I found some Sapes after a journey of less than a day. Their clearing, which we came across in the mid-afternoon, contained a single communal house called a *malocca*. It was large and round, supported by a pole in the centre. The clearing was deserted.

The men, we guessed, were taking shelter in the house, after sending the women and children into the jungle upon seeing us.

We slowly squatted on our heels, as the Indians do, in the sun, and waited for the Sapes to appear.

The minutes passed painfully and the sun burned our backs. After a little more than half an hour, a middle-aged man appeared at the opening of the *malocca*. He watched us for several minutes, then slowly approached. Two children followed him.

Without a word, all three squatted before us, staring coldly. A Sape's stare is unnerving and inscrutable.

Suddenly the man twitched his lips and pointed at my cigarette. He wanted it. I passed it to his extended hand and he began smoking with perfect calm, drawing great puffs.

Then all the other men, about twenty of them, came out of the *malocca* and squatted around us.

The Sapes, a people who are fast

becoming extinct, are about four feet six inches tall at maturity, beardless, with dark brown skin, straight black hair and remarkable toes which pick up objects with the dexterity of fingers.

They live in a tiny Socialist republic of a perfection which neither Plato nor Marx could have foreseen. Except perhaps for their spokesman, they are equals in every respect.

All possessions are the community's. Children are raised with great care until they are about six or seven, then they become common property. If a *malocca* is overcrowded, they may be taken to another one. They are accepted there at once, and may even mature and die there.

Eventually the women and children appeared. As they relaxed, the Sapes proved to be pleasant people, anxious to find an excuse to laugh in their peculiar grunting way. A funny face, we found, could send them into hysterics. Within an hour the clearing had resumed its normal routine.

We opened the bargaining by announcing our desire for manpower. As the afternoon dwindled away, we established our purpose and won agreement that several tribesmen would accompany us. . . .

By now it was dusk. We didn't want to risk the perils of the jungle in darkness, so we gladly accepted the Indians' offer of hospitality for the night.

For the evening meal we had monkey, which had been boiled all afternoon and yet remained quite tough, with a taste like beef.

Then, optimistically, we hung up our hammocks in the *malocca* to sleep. But the Sapes trooped in and began to prepare for the night by lighting small fires. The smoke became unbearable. Tortured by coughing, Vinci and I lay in our hammocks wide awake.

After a highly-spiced breakfast, which made us cough and gasp even more, the bargaining began again. Hours passed. "We will have to do something to end this," said Vinci. "Let's try some presents."

From the sack we carried I took out a fish hook and gave it to a boy of about twelve. Instantly, the entire tribe closed in on us, all of them exclaiming with delight as more fish hooks, cloth, beads, mirrors and knives came out of the sack.

The deal was soon concluded. Every

woman in the tribe was to get some beads and each of the six men accompanying us would receive a comb, a mirror and about three yards of cloth.

About noon, the six men climbed into our canoe, armed with bows and arrows. I pushed the throttle of the outboard motor to the limit and for the first time in my life knew the thrill of completely astounding fellow-humans.

The Sapes who had gathered on the river bank scattered in terror. Those who were with us almost overturned the canoe with delight, being the powerful ones in the powerful craft.

By five o'clock we got back to the mouth of the Carun. Ekler, Rizi and Tozini spoke excitedly about getting started towards the diamond country.

We pushed on up the Paragua, came to a tributary called the Mari and were suddenly flanked by magnificent hill-sides covered with trees and countless orchids. We feasted on wild turkeys and guinea hens.

And soon, through a fantastic cavern of vines, we entered the river Vaina.

At its widest, the Vaina was twelve feet. At its narrowest, there was barely room for a canoe.

We paddled and poled through this incredible Hades, squeezing among the trees and roots until the vegetation became a solid wall. Then one man waded through the stinking black water to clear a channel with a machete.

Our bodies ached from exhaustion and our nerves were so taut that I felt we were living through a nightmare. We advanced little more than two or three miles a day.

After eight days, however, we reached a long narrow strip of mud. We beached the canoes and unloaded our equipment. In three days we man-handled the canoes three miles overland to the unmapped Kupapoipa River, which leads into the Caura. At dawn on the fourth day only our equipment, nearly a ton of it, was left. The Sapes, though, withdrew to themselves.

We called to them. They waited a long time, chattering. Finally, they walked towards us in a group. We faced them as they came, and the air was full of tension.

The Indians soon disclosed their purpose. They wanted more gifts, and if they did not get them they would leave. I shook my head angrily. But Ekler interfered.

"Why are we saving those silly mirrors and beads?" he shouted.

"You do not understand," said Vinci. "If we weaken they will demand more, until we have nothing left. And then what will they do?"

When the Sapes saw that we were not giving in, they vanished.

WITHOUT the Indians, it took us eight days of sweating back-breaking work to carry our equipment to the Kupapoipa.

The jungle was alive with insects and snakes, and the river bed was so muddy that we had to use twelve-foot poles.

We ate little, for our supplies were dwindling and without the Indians we found little game. Our rice was mouldy, our sack of sugar was full of ants and when we opened our tinned meat it was green.

Vinci told us that our next big worry was the Marquiritari Indians. We were in their territory, and needed their help as escorts.

The Marquiritari are the great river-men of the jungles, indomitable and merciless. Until about a century ago they used to pounce on lonely *maloccas*, kill the children and old people, and fatten the young and healthy ones either for sale or for food.

Contact with white men has mellowed the Marquiritari, though it is said that there are still some isolated tribes which have not altered their eating habits.

We kept a sharp look-out, but when we reached the Caura, it was the Marquiritari who found us. It happened at the head of an enormous rapid. We were silently studying the white water ahead when we became aware of a cluster of canoes across the river. The naked men in them were watching us.

It was essential for us to reassure them. We crossed the river steadily

No guessing with

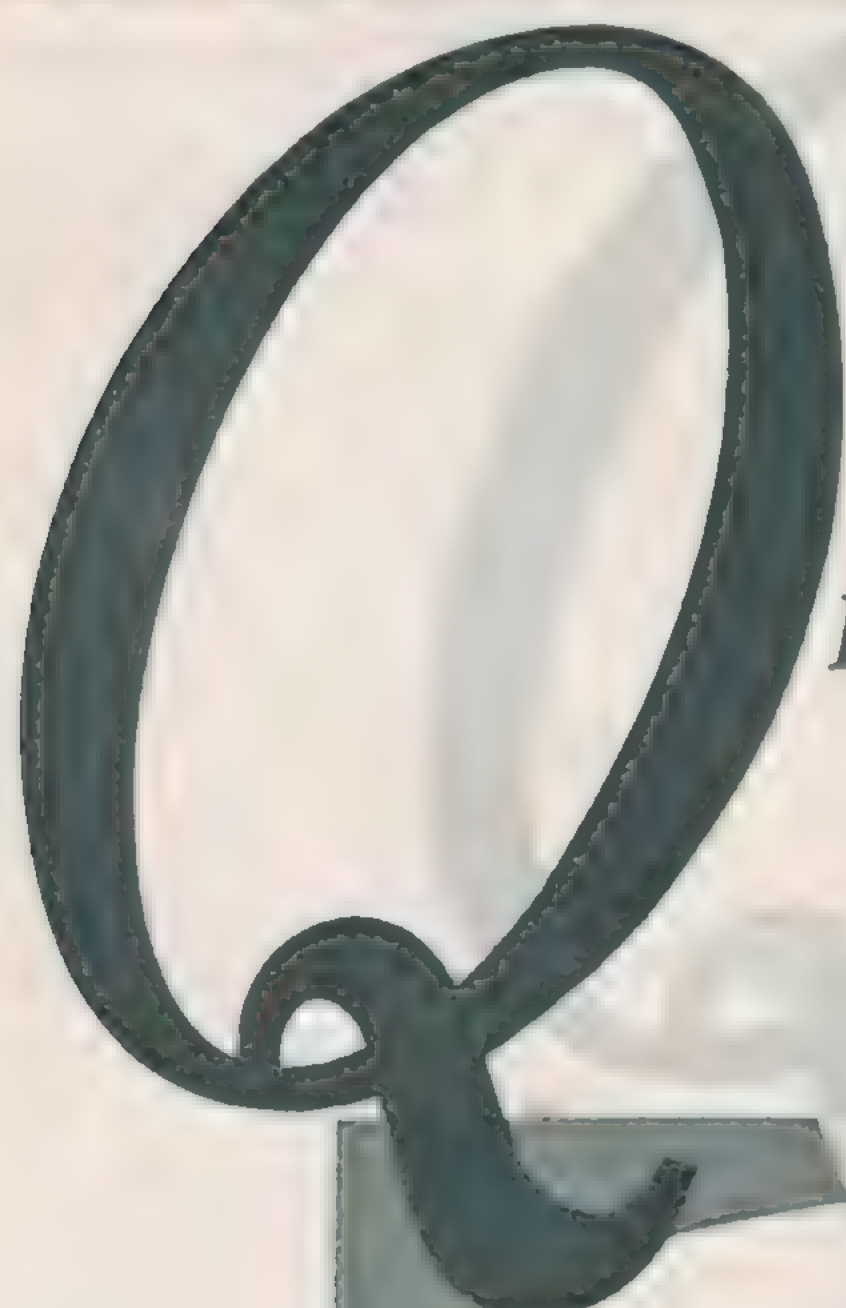
Gas



COOKING'S SO EASY with the new gas cookers that even father can prepare a tasty meal while mother has a day off. Call in now at your gas showrooms and see Mr. Therm's wonderful new gas cookers —easy terms make them easy to buy.



You'll bless the day *Gas* came to stay!



Double Q Television

Double Quality craftsmanship
Double Quality performance

Television as it should be... *made by Decca.*

Television which you can buy knowing that your money has been wisely spent... knowing that you have a television set you can rely upon... built and tested with double care to give you double quality performance.

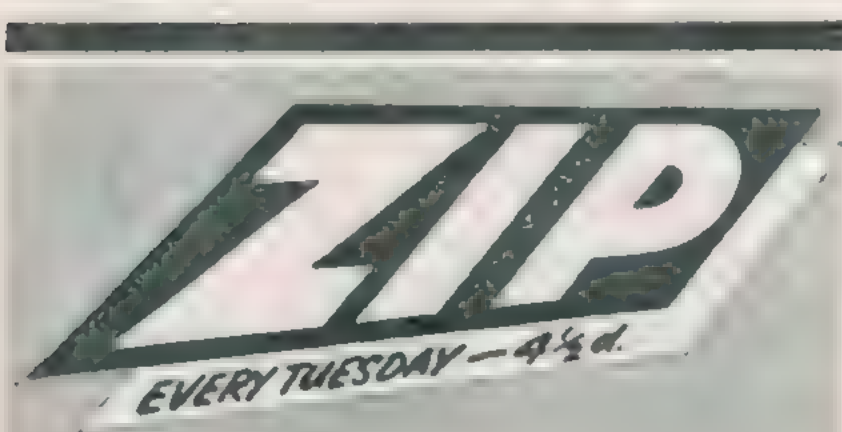
Please send me the free Decca book of Double Q television receivers.

Decca Radio & Television
Decca House
Albert Embankment
London - S E 11

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

My dentures never let me down!

No more embarrassing moments for me! I know that my false teeth will stay in position—Dentesive sees to that. Just squeeze this fresh, pleasant cream on to your denture first thing each morning, and it will be held firmly and comfortably in place all day long. Dentesive is obtainable from all leading chemists, or direct from Dentesive Ltd., Nuffield House, Piccadilly, London, W.1



Make sure your youngsters get this great colour weekly!

Smashing New Competition! Young winners and their parents will explore Elstree Film Studios and meet the stars.

Wonderful New Adventure! The story of "Skippy and the Yellow Comet."

Great New Thriller! Featuring Brett Brand, railway detective, and stolen mail bags in "The Case of the Lost Corgi."

OUT NOW!

BLACKPOOL ILLUMINATIONS

SEP. 5 to OCT. 20

THE IDEAL AUTUMN HOLIDAY with FULL SUMMER ATTRACTIONS
6 miles of Spectacle
GUIDE 6d. STAMPS
Folder Free
from H. Porter, Dept. 101,
Town Hall, Blackpool

BE SURE TO COME BY TRAIN

but slowly and called: "Marquiritari! Marquiritari!"

It was our way of saying: "We recognize you. We know you."

They came to life at once, gibbering and pointing to a trail that led away from the river. We were to follow them. After a short walk we reached their *malocca*, where there were about thirty of them.

The husky Marquiritari moved with power and purpose. After the indolent Sapes, they were supermen. Within a few moments we had explained our purpose and reached an agreement that four men, a young girl, the wife of one of the men, would accompany us on our trip. We did not mention that it was to be into the Shiriana country.

The Caura deserves a place on the list of the world's most forbidding waterways. It is not a river as much as a series of millraces interspersed by falls and lagoons.

We called the pilot of our lead canoe Manuera. He balanced easily in the tossing prow, one finger held high, waving, signalling, guiding. We raced downriver at tremendous speed. Our lives were entrusted to this husky little brown man.

The first incident took place at the rapids called Kirimansori. A large rock rose ahead. Manuera signalled and I turned the rudder, but not fast enough. The current hurled us forward relentlessly. The rock was so huge that it loomed above our heads. We must crash!

But a sudden wave lifted us. We glanced off the rock and swerved wildly.

Another rock was ahead now—dead

BORROWING—3

You should attempt to borrow only from those who have but few of this world's goods, as they are anxious to appear wealthier than they really are.

Heinrich Heine

ahead, and this one would surely be the end of us. Manuera signalled, and I turned the tiller, but again not in time. Just when the canoe seemed about to be smashed the other Marquiritari with us uncoiled himself like a spring. He leaped up and pushed against the rock with colossal strength. We were back in the current.

In doing this he tumbled overboard. I turned back to see him. He looked unconscious, lying in the swirling water. But then I saw him moving, feebly. He was letting himself be dragged along by the river, slowing himself down by grasping rocks.

I did not want to see him die. Silently, fervently, I prayed for him. To me, his struggle for survival was astonishing, but the rest of the Indians watched him impassively. A half-mile below Kirimansori, where the Caura grows broad, deep and lazy, Manuera signalled a stop.

The Marquiritari who had saved our lives then swam to our canoe and heaved himself aboard in one effortless movement. His fellow-Indians began chiding him playfully for being so clumsy as to fall into the river. He was laughing.

We reached the Merevari, and half an hour later Manuera signalled a turn into a comparatively placid tributary. "Caranacuni," he said.

A ramshackle *malocca* stood among the trees at the point where the Merevari met the Caranacuni. Some Indians were jumping about in the clearing, and even from a distance I could tell that they were not Marquiritari.

"Manuera," I called, and when he turned, I grunted quizzically and pointed towards the Indians.

Manuera looked towards the shore, his face showing obvious disapproval.

"Shiriana," he said. . . . These, then, were the Indians feared all over the continent.

"Let's take a closer look," said

Vinci, and when I nodded he indicated to Manuera that we wanted to go ashore. Manuera's disgust mounted as he guided us there.

Excitement gripped us white men, but oddly we were not in the least afraid. Travelling with the Marquiritari gave us tremendous self-assurance.

There were about forty Shiriana in the clearing, and when we landed they fled into the jungle.

We went back to our canoes. The Shiriana, feared by everyone who did not know them, had turned out to fear everyone who did. More than that, they were actually scorned by the Marquiritari. We set off again. . . .

We had just cleared the Kumpaka-sordi rapids when another canoe joined us—a Shiriana craft.

Our Marquiritari were swift and strong, while the Shiriana, in contrast, were clumsy, indolent and easily distracted. These unknown people, it soon became clear, were under the domination of the Marquiritari. They kept a respectful distance.

I said to Vinci: "I don't think the Shiriana are going to beat us to death after all."

He laughed quietly. "They look as if they are afraid we are going to beat them."

At a trim, busy Marquiritari *malocca* we met the master of the Caranacuni. We dubbed him "Pancho." He was an immensely powerful man, superbly muscled, and plainly the ruler. His badge of eminence was an oversized sombrero of considerable age and filth.

Pancho looked carefully around while the Shiriana stood to one side. Now we could see that they were shorter than the Marquiritari, lighter-skinned, a little less square in the body and face. Both tribes had slanted eyes, but their expressions differed markedly. The Marquiritari's mirrored intelligence and purpose, the Shiriana's only a great vacancy.

Indians were now filtering into the camp from all directions. The word of our arrival had been passed rapidly. But Pancho demanded attention before we had time to take in all the details. He looked at us with his one eye; the other had been lost when he had fallen into a fire as a child.

Suddenly he reached out and took the cigarette from my hand.

"Sit still," Vinci warned.

All the Indians were watching expectantly. Pancho puffed calmly for several minutes, then put the cigarette back between my fingers. Every few moments he took my cigarette again, and sometimes Vinci's and Ekler's. We never objected; this had to be our way of acknowledging his authority.

We then bargained for the labour of his men. We needed at least thirty Indians, and Pancho negotiated for all of them. We settled on red cloth, plus beads and salt for each man.

The camp filled with activity as preparations for the trip began. The Marquiritari continued to show their scorn for the Shiriana, who collected and ate anything they could find, including worms. Being so inefficient, the Shiriana have little ability in hunting game and are obliged to live off wasps, worms, grubs and larvae.

As the days passed, we saw that the Marquiritari's greatest asset was efficiency. All the same, the Shiriana were not without their own peculiar virtues. The Marquiritari talked little and often appeared morose, but the Shiriana chatted interminably and amiably, frequently laughing.

If we asked a Shiriana to carry a bag or cut down a tree, he did so, and if we paid it was a pleasant surprise. But the Marquiritari always asked the price first and then demanded more.

When we moved on it was under Pancho's direction. He and his fellow-Marquiritari were superb when we came to some falls, where he rained his orders upon the poor Shiriana.

The falls—a series of precipices ten to thirty feet high, in a curve at least a quarter of a mile long—took nearly three days to negotiate. One more day and at last we would be at the savannah where we planned to spend our six months diamond-hunting.

The final ride was, for us, unique

since we had some Shiriana in our canoe. When I gave them a cigarette each they replied in kind, offering us chews of their balls of tobacco. At intervals, they extracted their tobacco lumps and put them carefully between their feet until it was time to begin chewing again.

Pancho took charge of building operations at the savannah. Soon the great open swath became a bustling village of forty noisy, naked primitives, all working on a house some thirty by twenty-five feet in size. It took seven days to complete.

The bright sun was tempered by the refreshing cool air, and the region abounded with game; deer with small horns grazed peacefully in the distance.

We had such a surplus of manpower that we were able to lounge around and marvel at our growing interest in the primitives and their culture, and the fact that this sometimes made us feel that even if we never found diamonds we had the compensation of a rare experience in life.

This was our private jungle paradise.

But the time had come to hunt for diamonds. Our plan was that Vinci would go to the base of a nearby mountain, then work his way up towards the peak, which reached to about six thousand feet. Ekler and several Shiriana would accompany him. I would go fifteen miles west with Rizi, and Tozini would remain to guard the camp.

Excitement coursed through all of us. The journey to reach the savannah had been fierce. Now we faced the moment to gather our rewards.

At the base of the mountain I found a tributary of the Caranacuni, and we set to work at once, removing rocks in the stream and sieving the gravel. We watched intently for any of the satellite minerals—rutile, quartz, jasper and gold—often found with diamonds. But there were no signs.

We immediately went farther west, Rizi chattering about our bad luck in picking that stream to start our work. He was right in the sense that geology can change radically from one mile to the next in this strange country.

We soon found another stream and stripped gravel from it. Rizi sang, but stopped when we had sieved the last



pailful. We looked at each other silently.

We tried stream after stream, our pace and anxiety increasing. For twenty days we pressed on, following a circle which led back towards camp.

Vinci and the others were already in camp when we returned. Vinci had grown steely-silent. Ekler was angry. Rizi and Tozini greeted each other boisterously, but did not share their customary wish for a bottle of wine. This was a sure sign that they were unhappy.

Ekler could remember vividly the tortures of the trail, the dangers. But

he could not, or would not, keep as clearly in mind the constant warning we had given him, that diamond hunting is a gamble, and that the player who quits after his first losing throw of the dice will never see his departed money again.

We decided to make just one more try, Vinci and I. Several days' journey down the Merevari we came to some falls ten feet high and one hundred yards wide—a tremendous body of rushing water. We checked the rapids below; no diamonds.

We struggled farther up the river; no diamonds. We went where the water

sped in shallow rapids; no diamonds. Near the banks; no diamonds. In large streams, in small streams, in deep and shallow streams, at the mouth of streams and in the middle of streams; no diamonds.

We returned to camp. Ekler, Rizi and Tozini demanded to be told the truth of the situation.

"The truth," said Vinci, "is that there are no diamonds here that we can find. To start another hunt would mean setting up a new base camp."

Ekler said: "I'm going back."

So did Rizi and Tozini.

"You"—Ekler pointed to Vinci and me—"are coming, no?"

Vinci and I exchanged glances. We considered this an act of desertion, but we could not stop Ekler; nor did we really care to. We had fulfilled our part of the bargain.

To be polite, Vinci said: "I have not given it any thought."

"What is the hurry?" I asked.

"Exactly," Vinci broke in. "We have time."

We agreed to divide everything in half and made a deal with six Shiriana to guide Ekler and the Italians back to the Orinoco.

Vinci and I decided to accompany them a short distance downstream towards the Caranacuni. Crossing a rapid we suddenly found ourselves out of control. The big canoe carrying much of our equipment hit a rock and capsized.

We dived for five days, retrieving the outboard motor, gun, cameras, sieves, shovels, crowbars, some canned meat and tins of film. But half of our shotgun shells were gone; only about two hundred rounds remained. Most of our spare clothes, beads, knives and machetes were lost too.

We said sparing goodbyes to Ekler and the Italians.

Then the heavy, oppressive silence of the jungle closed in on us.

Vinci and I were alone.

NEXT WEEK: We are captured in the fury of a tribal manhunt

© Count Enrico

Bentivoglio-Middleton, 1958

"Shiriana," by Count Enrico Bentivoglio-Middleton, will be published as a book early next year by W. H. Allen

The fairies who started a strike

Continued from page 11

colleagues, who all knew the answers backwards. Next morning he found the wall had fallen down. He built it up again.

Next morning the stones were down again. The man persisted, and eventually built his house. But "Sure, he'd hardly the time to warm a chair in the place before he was taken away wrong in the head, and soon as dead as any stone."

On the other hand, the only infallible way to cure a sick cow, according to old Peter Walshe, was to take some stones from the fairy palace, put them in water, and give the cow a drink. It was all very confusing, but the best conclusion seemed to be that until the thing had been discussed, it would be safer to stop work. Walshe decided to ask Mannion's advice.

When he arrived Mannion explained to the men that in his opinion the fairy fort was nothing more than an ancient burial ground, and had nothing whatever to do with fairies. When he realized that he was making an unfavourable impression Mannion offered free pints of beer for willing workers. This was a move in the right direction but the workmen declared, after thinking it over, that their lives were worth more than a few free pints of beer.

Next Mannion suggested that a barbed wire fence strung on concrete posts should be put across the rathen instead of an earth wall. There would be no disturbance of the fairy palace apart from the sockets for the posts. The workmen agreed that the holes once filled in, would probably be not much inconvenience, but they thought

the fence would be a "terrible nuisance to the fairies."

In the face of this unshakeable resistance Mannion became inspired. He got in touch with the two oldest men in the district. "All I want you to do," Mannion said, "is to dig five holes for concrete posts to take the barbed wire." His theory was that they did not have enough years left to fear the vengeance of the fairies. The two old men, one ninety-seven and the other ninety-five, held a different view. Life, said the spokesman, was as sweet as the fairy music they often heard coming from the rathen. They intended to hang on.

Mannion gave up and retreated to his office to prepare a report to the Minister of Lands in Dublin. Meanwhile the story spread round the district.

The point of view of the workmen and of the old men was readily appreciated. Why, on Martin Shevlin's land, not two hundred yards from the fairy palace in question, there was another rath, where it was well known you could hear the fairy music on most fine nights, and every second November's night for certain.

MARTIN SHEVLIN, blue-eyed, sandy-haired, a carpenter by trade as well as a farmer, boldly declared: "I'm not superstitious myself, but the thing is it'd be unlucky to interfere with the fairy fort." Shevlin does not believe in fairies, and has never heard any music, but knows a man who heard the fiddling and the fluting so loud in front of him as he cycled home one night that he fell off his bike in surprise.

For several days and nights the already elastic licensing hours were stretched in Belmullet's pubs while burly farmers re-astonished each other with tales of first-hand experiences

with the fairies, all of them every bit as factual and well authenticated as those of Peter Walshe and Martin Shevlin. Information received from the National Museum in Dublin that "so-called fairy forts are simply the remains of ancient Irish farmsteads dating back between one thousand and three thousand years" failed to penetrate beyond the outer fringes in some of the less noisy bars. Even there it was quickly dismissed. In Dublin they had "mouldy old books," in Belmullet they had the facts. The museum authorities were mistaken.

Another report which filtered back received much more attention. Mr. Erskine Childers, the Minister of Lands, it was rumoured, was to put the case before de Valera's pre-budget Cabinet meeting, and to seek their guidance. The Prime Minister, the report said, would decide whether his Cabinet believed in fairies, or whether to punish the Land Commission workmen because they did. In Belmullet there was little doubt about what the result would be. It was obvious, and even if it wasn't obvious, there was an additional argument that might be just solid enough to weigh the balance. Dismissal of the men would involve officialdom in disputes with a union 30,000 strong.

And, of course, the locals were right. As befitted the "cutest boys in the land," they had judged the situation perfectly. Soon after Lindsay's arrival it was learned that a satisfactory solution had been found. Suddenly, the storm over the fairies was as if it had never been. Conversation in the bars turned to more routine subjects. A tinker had been refused a drink and had retaliated by beating the publican about the head with the starting handle of a car. The tinker was in jail, the publican in hospital.

A few tourists who happened to be

as near to Belmullet as anyone ever gets without actually going there, that is, half a day's drive away, braved the journey to satisfy their curiosity. They walked round the four grey streets, and looked in through the ever-open doors of the twenty-one bars. A few asked timid questions about the "fairy strike."

"Sure, there never was such a thing at all." "Us believe in fairies, nonsense, nonsense." "Ye're interested in folklore did ye say? Well now, in a field a stone's throw from here lie buried the three children of Lur, who were turned into swans by their wicked stepmother, and roamed the earth for nine hundred years. . . ."

"Codology, it's all codology, kings of the art we are. . . ."

Bemused and disappointed, the tourists went away. Wherever they had come from, it was a long drive back and time was getting short. None thought it worth while to jolt three miles over the rutted road to Toorglas to look for the fairy palace.

If anyone had, he would have clearly seen the earth wall forming the boundary, with a curious break a third of the way along where eight concrete posts carrying five strands of wire form a neat semi-circle round the boundaries of the fairy palace. The fairies can still move about it unhindered. On a clear night, when they are not too busy with music practice, or cutting oats, or dealing with bad neighbours, no earth wall blocks their view across the moonlit sea to the dark hills of Achill Island.

In Belmullet all is as it was. Michael Shevlin's cows spend the nights out and are still giving milk, and at the cattle fair prices have never been so good. Everyone knows that fairies don't care what you say about them. It's interference they dislike. THE END

How we discovered Australia

Continued from page 15

England, brightened at the prospect of life in the saddle.

When we arrived, the boss, a splenetic bachelor in his early sixties, was willing to hire us only on condition that Molly signed on as the station cook.

"You'll need a horse," he said briskly. "Go to the paddock and catch one." I set off on foot. Before long I was back—without a horse.

The paddock covered seven hundred acres and contained about thirty mounts. I needed a horse to catch my horse.

When finally I brought it in, it turned out to be the most decrepit animal on the station.

"You'll want a dog," said the boss. About ten dogs of indefinite breeding were chained in a line. "Take the end one. It's not been worked since the last man died." Unchained, it followed me with a pathetic air of gratitude.

My employer thrust a knife into my hand. "Ever killed a sheep?"

"No. . . ."

"You'll have to learn. We need mutton in the kitchen."

The dog, quick to associate the knife with killing and killing with its staple diet of sheep's "innards," looked perky for the first time. Far from perky, I commenced my education.

Molly was horrified when the whole carcass of a sheep was dumped on the kitchen table, but we soon learned that in terms of quantity this was not excessive.

Her day started at five o'clock in the morning, cutting mutton sandwiches which we men took for lunch. Two hours later she served breakfast, with a main course of mutton chops.

At seven in the evening she served supper—still mutton. She served it with pumpkin, sweet potatoes, and even with Yorkshire pudding, pretending it was beef. Some of the men ate it by itself.

On Sundays we were able to lie in bed until 6 a.m. I did jobs round the homestead instead of mustering sheep and we would feel fresh enough to stay up until perhaps ten o'clock in the evening.

One Wednesday morning we overslept. It was 5.15 a.m. when we got up and the boss reprimanded us sharply. The other men called him a winjer—a grouser. We decided to move on.

Molly had been earning £10 a week, myself £11. The spending power of the Australian pound is roughly the same as the pound sterling, and income tax is less than in Britain. A married couple without children pay £53 on £1,000 a year. Our keep had been free. With our savings we bought a trailer for our car.

DETERMINED to push across country, odd-jobbing for cash where necessary, we headed north over the corrugated tracks which serve most of Australia for main roads.

Before we had gone far both the wheels of the trailer rolled off into the bush. We fixed them back on and reduced our speed.

Although petrol in the towns was 3s. 10d. a gallon, the Australian practice of adding freightage to retail prices pushed it up to 7s. in some out-of-the-way places that we visited.

We began to understand why most of the 30,000 Britons who emigrate to Australia each year settle in the towns and cities.

After a while we became accustomed to the wayside hotels which, in remote areas, were often little more than wooden shacks.

At one we stayed at we had to clean out our room before unpacking, and make our own beds.

We were kept awake by a party of horse-dealers in the bar. In the early hours they went on to the veranda and began shooting at tin cans with rifles. The terms were 27s. 6d. a day—"all in."

At the roadside, wattle bushes were



"My husband was hoping to smuggle a couple of bottles through, but he lost his nerve at the last moment"

bright yellow in bloom, and kookaburras (laughing jackasses) called out gaily. In one place we saw a kookaburra dive into the bush and fly up with a snake in its beak. Perching high in a gum tree, it dropped the snake to the ground. The bird repeated this performance several times, until the snake was dead. Dinner followed immediately.

Between Biloela and Cracow the trailer developed a puncture. I unhitched and drove twelve miles to the nearest property to borrow a jack. The inner tube was ripped to shreds and we had to drive another thirty miles to get a replacement. It cost £12.

North of Rockhampton we were stuck on a steep incline for three hours until a passing lorry towed us to the top; between Pentland and Townsville the wheels of the car sank in soft sand at a creek and water lapped through the doors. Later, when a tractor arrived to pull us out, we

found that the sump of the car had been holed on a rock.

In another area we drove through bush fires where flames scorched the roadside for hundreds of miles. For three days and nights the sky was black with smoke.

One of the jobs that we tried in the early stages of the journey was stick picking—clearing land of fallen wood before ploughing. There were many snakes under the wood.

Once a large black one slid between Molly's feet. While I dived for a stick, an old digger who had been working nearby beat me to it. He stooped and lifted the snake by its tail.

As the snake twisted viciously from side to side, driving at his legs with its poisonous fangs, the old man flicked it deftly away with a twist of his wrist. Then, with a sudden jerk of his arm, he cracked the reptile like a stock-whip. Its head flew off into the scrub.

He looked at us sharply. "Bet you've never seen a fox whistled, either."

Taking from his pocket a round piece of tin slightly larger than a half-crown, the man blew into a hole in its centre, making a noise like a rabbit squealing in a trap.

Nothing else happened.

"No luck," he said, tossing the whistle in my direction. "Try it later, clobber."

I did. I sat on a rock and whistled. To my astonishment a fox crept into sight before many minutes had passed.

Tiring of stick picking, we drove to Toowoomba, a hundred miles west of Brisbane, and headed north-west for the diminutive outposts of Gurrulmundi, Giligulgul and Gwambagwine.

Two hundred miles up-track we did a spell on a ten thousand acre cattle station near Wandoan. Cooking beef made a change for Molly.

This was scrub country, rough and very little improved—and it disposed of any romantic ideas we still had about ranching. One morning we rode from the homestead to muster a batch of about three hundred bawlies—Hereford cattle—in the scrub. After hours of riding we got them heading home. Just before sundown they decided to run.

Alex Edwards, the boss, and the other riders went after the cattle which had broken from the herd, while I was left to keep the remainder on the move.

"Head into the sunset," shouted Edwards as he galloped away.

Before long my animals started a stampede of their own. Trained to the job, my pony went after them, cat-jumping "invisible" obstacles in the buffalo grass, ramming my legs against

rocks and trees until I was raw and bleeding.

When the cattle eventually stopped running it was almost dark. Mosquitoes descended on my sweating back and covered it with bumps. I gave up the bawlies and set off to find the other men.

They had lost the rest of the cattle and were boiling black tea in their billies before setting out for home. It was the end of a typical day.

After Wandoan, Orpheus appeared as a mirage before our dust-sore eyes. We heard that on Orpheus, a tropical isle in the Great Barrier Reef off the north-easterly point of Queensland, a married couple were needed to help run a fishing chalet. Here, they said, turtles paddled in crystal water, oysters were to be gathered and coconuts and lemons grew on the trees.

Orpheus is about a thousand miles north of Wandoan. When we reached the island we found that Molly's job was to cook, on a stove under a tin roof on the beach, for about thirty people. The temperature was high in the eighties.

Part of my job was to shoot wild goats which roamed the island and dress them for the pot. The dish, known as Orpheus mutton, was a favourite with the Aborigines.

I also kept the larder stocked by fishing. One morning my line became stuck off the beach and, reeling-in, I waded up to my thighs towards the obstruction.

I was a few feet away when it rose from the bottom and swam off—the largest nurse shark I have ever seen. It took my line with it. I was too busy making for the beach to care.

But few sharks came through the reef. They were less trouble than the sting-rays which basked in the shallow water, or the more excitable of the Aborigines who sometimes filled themselves, as well as our cooking stoves, with methylated spirits.

So far our jobs in Australia had been at places where we could not spend money. Deciding that the time had come to invest our savings in a business and enjoy the privileges of being our own bosses, we innocently set up shop at Aloomba.

Eleven hectic, free-for-all months there left us eager for the serenity of the life we remembered in England.

One night after a particularly boisterous session in the bar I lay in bed trying to estimate our profits. "We've made a pure gain of about £1,000 since we came to Aloomba," I told Molly.

"We could well afford our passage home." Within half an hour we had planned to sell the lease on the saloon, dispose of the stock, drive five thousand miles to say goodbye to friends at Adelaide, then make for Melbourne and seek a ship.

A week before we left Aloomba our customers gave us a farewell party in the open air. It had been going some time before Molly and I arrived. Well after midnight the chairman, a burly cane farmer of Irish descent, rose to make a speech.

He stuck on the first sentence. When he threatened to capsize a table laden with dishes of spaghetti and trifles, he was knocked down and laid under a paw-paw tree.

Several of the others then paid tribute to the "fair-minded" way in which, they said, Molly and I had run the saloon. After a sing-song, we left the party and went to bed. It was nearly half past three.

An hour later we were roused by a knocking on the bedroom window. "Dick . . . Dick . . ."

There were several of them outside. I pretended to be asleep.

"Dick. We've finished the beer. Let's have another crate. . . ."

Now that we are in Britain again Molly and I realize what we should have known then—that we were powerless to escape for long these incorrigible people and the rough, strangely compelling country which we discovered.

Six per cent of British emigrants to Australia return to Britain. Ninety-six per cent of these go back.

We shall go back. THE END



YOUR CHILDREN RUN MY LIFE

Tom Lovatt took up teaching, and expected short hours, bumper holidays, no worries. His pupils taught him a lesson—in school and out. He writes a frank, humorous article . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



TWO MORE in the £500 PARADE

ON left, garden expert Mr. K. Goodwin—he's just harvested £500 for a Bullet. On right, actor Mr. J. Newmark—he's starred as another recent £500 winner. Whatever your line, this week's thrilling four-in-one First can be for you!



Your TV, the new Decca 17-in. with Glide-away Doors—Your RADIO, the new Decca VHF-FM and AM Table Model—Your RECORD PLAYER, the new Decca "Stereogram" for stereophonic sound, plus Records of your choice.

Who's next for £500
CASH FIRST PRIZE—or £350 PLUS £175 DECCA "TRIO"?

OTHER "BULLETS" PRIZES GALORE: £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 100 "Double Sixers," 1,500 "Good Shots" each with £1,000 surprise "EXTRAS" value up to £50—see coupon below

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

The Old Country
It May Be Painful, But
Sentry Sam
Home Of The Brave
In The Arab Camp
A Faded Flower
The Secrets Of Space
For The Hungry
Without Television
Black Treachery

A Football
Never Knows
He's An Oil King, So
Sends Her
To Escape The Mob
Feeble
Footing The Bill
Does No Harm
The Mangled Remains
On The Burning Deck

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

That Broken.....
What.....
With A Dash Of.....

In The Foreman's.....
Sneaking Up On.....
Dropped The.....And

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

EXTRAS value up to £50

A £2 10s. Bullets Season Ticket accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with Bullet which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,157 Post not later than **MONDAY, SEPT. 8**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.
Signed.....
Address.....
P.O. Value.....

ENTRY FEE
6d.
PER "BULLET"

RECORD "OWN-YOUR-HOME" OFFER COMING!

Complete this Label, affix 3d. stamp and see what the postman brings you on Saturday, September 20—four sparkling pages of Bullets news, pictures and practical help to success! (For 4 consecutive issues, send P.O. 1s.)

Name.....
Address.....

STICK
3d.
STAMP
HERE

874

POST YOUR COUPON TO:

Bullets, 2,157, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,152 Result:
£1,000 Mrs. C. Crich-ton, 33 An-woth Street, Tollcross, Glasgow:

Within Reach—Atomic Heydays? Atomic Hades?

£50 Mrs. P. Brooks, 20 Con-way Road, Hucclecote, Gloucester: Within Reach—Pension—And Fool "Slipped"!

£40 M. Jones, Lorne Cottage, 21 Great Hinton, Trow-bridge: Anxiously Watching—Powers Mass—Powerless Masses!

£30 P. Heaton, 2 Sydney Avenue, Leigh, Lancs: Good Government—Serves One Party—You!

£20 Mrs. E. K. Connell, The Lodge, Cameron Hospital, West Hartlepool: Whizzing Round—Cutting World's "Time"—H-bombers?

£19 J. W. McFarlane, c/o 59 Ferry Road, Monifieth, Dundee: Screaming Their Heads Off—Headlines Dad's Snoring Behind!

£18 G. Oliver, 123 Barcombe Avenue, London, S.W.2: What She Was Wearing—Nimon, Chiffon, Half On!

£17 F/O D. J. Rice, R.A.F., Sutton-on-Hull: Cure For Inflation—Save Subsidies—"Subsidize" Savings.

£16 Mrs. E. L. Brockbank, "St. Alans," Spring Road, Lymington: Good Government—Or Goodbye—Good Demo-cracy.

£15 H. Lea, 63 Lionel Road, Brentford, Middlesex: What She Was Wearing—Leaves—From My Cheque-book!

A further 90 cheques and 3,000 other Awards have also been posted.



SEE
YOU
NEXT
-WEEK!

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Feesubmitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated October 4), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, September 20, for early news of No. 2,157 result.)

Speak FRENCH

Learn this
**FASTER
EASIER
WAY!**



**ODHAMS
LIVING LANGUAGE
COURSE**

AT
**FAR BELOW
USUAL COST!**

NEW JOY
FROM
HOLIDAYS

IT'S FUN

IT'S FASCINATING



TRAVEL

BUSINESS

IT'S PROFITABLE

BOOKS

RADIO

CINEMA

**AMAZING NEW
METHOD**

"Learn As You Listen"

With Odhams "LIVING LANGUAGE" COURSE you learn simultaneously by ear and eye. Brilliant high-fidelity records enable you to hear the perfect enunciation of a famous French teacher speaking in his native tongue, and at the same time you see, in the special books provided, the words and phrases heard. From the instant you begin the Course you learn, not by dry-as-dust rules but by living words—just as you would in France! Records available to suit ANY instrument.

At last YOU can have the pleasure and profit that comes with mastery of French—by means of this amazing, entirely new SIMPLIFIED method of up-to-date home tuition. And, because the cost of Odhams "LIVING LANGUAGE" COURSE

is only a fraction of what you would normally pay, you actually SAVE as you learn! Anyone—young and old alike—can learn French this easier, quicker, more enjoyable way! And what rich rewards this fascinating spare-time study brings! A whole new world of enjoyment opens up for you—French films, plays, books and radio programmes, the full delight of foreign travel. Enhance your social standing, widen your cultural background, increase your earning power—you incur no obligation by sending for details.

SEIZE THIS OPPORTUNITY NOW!

POST FORM TODAY!

**SEND FOR
FREE
DETAILS**

To: Odhams Press Ltd., Dept. J.5, "Living Language" Course, Basted, Sevenoaks, Kent.

WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION please send me full details of Odhams "LIVING LANGUAGE" Course (FRENCH) and your convenient pay-as-you-learn plan.

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....
Full Postal

ADDRESS.....

J.5/30.8.58.....

To receive full details of the Course, and the very convenient pay-as-you learn plan, fill in and post coupon NOW! (Offer applies U.K. and Eire only.) Odhams Press Ltd., Dept. J.5, "Living Language" Course, Basted, Sevenoaks, Kent.

FREE! THE MOST HELPFUL PRACTICAL BOOK ON KITCHENS EVER PUBLISHED

Step by Step to BETTER KITCHENS

AT LAST—here's a simple, easy way to create the perfect space-saving kitchen! Never mind how awkward or out-of-date a kitchen may be—this wonderful handbook shows, in 6 easy steps planned to fit your own finances and needs, how you can create your dream kitchen. Here's a glimpse of some of the valuable information and advice the booklet contains:

1. **Simple improvements** without altering present layout or equipment—ending condensation, improving lighting, cupboards and surfaces.
2. **Adding new equipment** with slight alteration of present basic layout—equipment for water heating, washing clothes and dishes, drying, refrigeration.
3. **Organising Storage**—efficient planning of cupboards, shelves; specialised storage for food, utensils, cleaning equipment.
4. **Making a meals corner**—new ideas for room dividers, serving counters, built-in seats and tables.
5. **How to make structural improvements**—turning kitchen and scullery into one, making a serving hatch, "before and after" plans.
6. **Now—the ideal kitchen!** How it can be planned, equipment needed, etc.

This wonderful Kitchens Handbook is only one of the many invaluable home-making features in this big issue of IDEAL HOME. Look at some of the others:

How to plan a happier, healthier home

This new series, designed to help you plan a happier, healthier home, starts with expert medical and architectural advice on such important factors as ventilation, privacy, lighting, noise control, and warmth.

How to prepare your house for a trouble-free winter

A helpful illustrated feature on 15 vital points to check if you want to enjoy a really trouble-free winter in your home.

How to beat dry rot

Easy-to-follow advice on how you can detect and deal successfully with the menace of dry rot in the home.

With its 174 big pages and over 230 superb illustrations (many in full colour), this issue of Ideal Home Magazine—the finest yet produced—will sell out in a flash. Hurry for your copy at once—and place a regular order *now*.

Special 8-page Feature NEW WONDER FABRICS FOR THE HOME

Including full-colour illustrations

A fascinating Ideal Home illustrated guide to man-made fibres—the new wonder fabrics that bring breathtaking beauty to every room—yet are so easy to make up and keep clean. Ideal Home shows you how these versatile fabrics—as curtains, chair covers, bed sheets, table cloths, etc.—enable you to create exciting new colours and patterns in your home.

Ideal Home

MAGAZINE – SEPTEMBER ISSUE

JUST OUT!

